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1921
Christmas

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The picture on our cover is one of Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale's beautiful illustrations in colour from "The Golden Book of Famous Women," published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Messrs. William Blackwood are publishing before Christmas a volume of "Selected Verse," by Alfred Noyes, including "The Victory Ball," a striking poem which has never before been published in this country.

Mrs. Watts-Dunton's book of personal recollections, "The Home Life of Swinburne" (some chapters of which have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere), was to have been published last month by Messrs. Philpot, but it has been found necessary to hold it over in order to complete arrangements for simultaneous publication in America. It will be published towards the end of February next.

Mr. Gordon Bottomley,

whose two dramas, "Gruach" and "Britain's Daughter," just published by Messrs. Constable, are reviewed in this Number.

A new illustrated edition of Gay's "Trivia, or The Art of Walking the Streets of London," will be published this month by Mr. Daniel O'Connor.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. E. V. Lucas.**

A new novel, "Rose Rose," and a collection of essays by Mr. Lucas, "Urbanities," were published this autumn by Messrs. Methuen.

Messrs. John Long have just issued two more hitherto unpublished novels by the late Nat Gould —"A Long Shot" and "The Blue Ribbon." Nat Gould has had several imitators of late years, but so far the mantle of his popularity does not seem to have fallen on any of them.

As we go to press, we learn with very much regret of the death of Mr. Elkin Mathews, after a short illness, at the age of 70. He started publishing in partnership with Mr. John Lane in 1887, and since the partnership was dissolved in 1894 has, like Mr. Lane, carried on business alone. In his time, he published the first books of several of the most distinguished of our latter-day poets. He was a gracious personality with a touch of old-world courtesy about him. Without and within, his premises in Cork Street were redolent of a more leisurely, a more bookish age than ours. To stand in his book-lined shop and look along the dark passage into his back room and see him seated at his high desk, silhouetted against the window, was to be transported into the eighteenth century and catch something of the sensation Goldsmith and Shenstone must have had when they called on their booksellers. It was a pleasant oasis in a too-restless modern world and he harmonised pleasantly with his surroundings.

The Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to M. Anatole France.

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Photo by Stanley. **Mr. Govinda Krishna Chettur.**

"Sounds and Images," which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing shortly, is a book of poems by Mr. Govinda Krishna Chettur, a nephew of Sir C. Sankaran Nair, a member of the India Council. Both Mr. Yeats and Mr. Masefield have borne testimony to the promise in Mr. Chettur's work which, without being Indian in outlook, is distinctively Oriental in temperament.

"The Way of Revelation," by Wilfrid Ewart, which has just been published by Messrs. Putnams, is one of the most remarkable novels the Great War has yet inspired. No novel of war has been attempted on so large a scale since Tolstoy wrote "War and Peace," and as Tolstoy gained his experience by serving as an officer of the Imperial Guard in the Crimea, so Mr. Ewart fought with the 20th (Guards) Brigade, and afterwards as Captain with the Guards Division throughout the war with Germany.

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren is busy on a successor to his latest novel, "The Marriage Tie"; meanwhile he has been writing a comprehensive handbook on "The Rights of the Ex-Service Man and Woman," which is published at a popular price by Mr. L. J. Gooding, of Westminster. The Right Hon. C. A. McCurdy, K.C., M.P., has written a special introduction for the book.

Leonard van Noppen,
Lieut. U.S.N.R., and his wife at Bellagio, Lake Como.

Mr. van Noppen's book of war poems, "The Challenge" (Elkin Mathews) is now in its second edition.

A first glance enables one to recommend "John Rutland's Romance," by J. P. Bessell, to all who are looking for a capital present-day tale of crime and mystery. Messrs. Sampson Low, who published Mr. Bessell's first novel, "Paid Out," have published this, his second.

We have received the two first numbers of *Fanfare*, a new musical magazine issued twice a month by Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb. Its contention is that "the average musical paper pays too little hee tod the human aspect of the musician, and contributes most inadequately to his general information and culture," and it proposes to "deal with literature, drama, painting, sculpture and theatre-craft as matters a knowledge of which forms a necessary complement to musical culture." This is a large and ambitious programme, and these two numbers proceed to carry it out with a gusto and liveliness that keep you awake and reading. The magazine is up to date and beyond it; its articles and notes on those varied matters to which it devotes itself are crisp and alive and well-informed; its drawings are uncompromisingly futuristic; and its poems are the newest things in the new poetry line that we have come across. "Abstrait" leaves us gasping, and we don't know what it means; but there is no denying that *Fanfare* is interesting, amusing, full of pep, and with so much vigour and go about it is simply bound to succeed—you feel that nothing can stop it.

The late Mr. T. Troward,
a new and uniform edition of whose works in mental science Messrs. Philpot Ltd. are publishing.

Mr. Henry Danielson, one of the younger school of booksellers, made a very successful debut as a publisher a little while ago with Mr. Bernard Muddiman's "The Men of the Nineties," and has compiled and recently published a volume of "Bibliographies of Modern Authors." He has just finished a "Bibliography of George Moore" for Messrs. T. Werner Laurie.

Mr. Henry Danielson.
From a drawing by J. Kerr Lawson.

Lady Scott, wife of Major-General Sir Arthur Scott, has written an exciting war novel, "The Blue Vase," which Messrs. Holden & Hardingham have published. It is a story of German spies and the lives that were lived in the trenches, behind the lines and at home in England in the days when the submarine menace was at its height.

We have received the 1922 issue of Mr. Joseph Shaylor's charming little annual, the "From Friend to Friend Kalendar" (1s. 6d.; Simpkin, Marshall). It is very tastefully produced and in addition to such useful features as a date calendar, postal regulations and a diary for the year, contains an original poem for each month, all the poems touching on some of the infinite aspects of friendship. Its literary and artistic quality make the "From Friend to Friend Kalendar" a most attractive as well as a serviceable substitute for the orthodox Christmas card.

Over sixty well-known novelists have written of their own art, their methods of work, their views on modern fiction and its development in "The Future of the Novel," a series of interesting interviews conducted by Mr. Meredith Starr, with a preamble by Mr. W. H. Chesson. The book is published by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co.

Mr. John Freeman,
whose new book of poems, "Music," has just been published by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount.
From a drawing by W. Rothenstein.

Three new volumes that have been added to Messrs. C. W. Daniels's "Plays for a People's Theatre" are "Old King Cole," by Clifford Bax; "O-Kai," a fantasy of now and then, by E. C. Reed; and "Yeraz," a sort of fantastic satire, by M. A. Arabian. All three are readable, but none of them reaches the level of the best in the series.

Mr. Thornton Butterworth breaks new ground this autumn with "The Royal Road Library," a new series of books for children which combine amusement with instruction and tell of the wonderful facts of science, history, natural history and the whole material universe simply, imaginatively and with all the charm of a fairy-tale. The first five volumes, some of which are reviewed elsewhere in this Number, augur well for the success of the series. Two are by that great Danish writer for children, Carl Ewald; two by Miss Netta Syrett; and one, a story of the butterflies, by W. H. Koebel. Beautifully illustrated and artistically bound, the books are attractive to look at as well as to read.

The February number of *The Print-Collectors' Quarterly*, edited by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E., will contain an account of a curious discovery made by Mr. G. S. Layard which clears up the mystery that has, ever since Horace Walpole's time, surrounded the equestrian portrait of Cromwell engraved by Pierre Lombart. *The Quarterly* is published by Messrs. Dent & Sons

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"The Film: Its Use in Popular Education," by

Mr. E. Kay Robinson,

whose new book, "The Country Day by Day" (Holden & Hardingham), is reviewed in our second Supplement.

Jackson Wrigley, will be published shortly by Messrs. Grafton & Co. The book will have a foreword by Sir Gilbert Parker.

A book that should appeal to all bird lovers and students of ornithology, "Wild Life in the Tree Tops," by Captain C. W. R. Knight, is published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth. It is illustrated with a series of remarkable photographs that have the double virtue of artistic charm and scientific value.

The Oxford Press have issued a delightful bijou edition of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation" in a very tasteful *écrasé* leather binding. It is a tiny booklet of 576 pages, beautifully clearly printed—so small and slight of bulk that two would go easily into a waistcoat pocket. Other devotional and prayer books are included in the series to which this belongs, as well as the works of standard poets and other writers.

"The Later Periods of Quakerism" brings the Standard Quaker History series to a conclusion. Dr. Rufus Jones, the general editor of the series, and himself the author of the last two volumes, has proved himself, as *The Times* recently said, one of the two ablest and most interesting of English-speaking writers in philosophy and religion, the other being William James.

Mr. Rufus M. Jones.

"The Story of the Mikado," written by Sir W. S. Gilbert some fourteen years ago and now first published, will be issued immediately by Mr. Daniel O'Connor. The book has been illustrated in colour by Miss Alice B. Woodward.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell.

whose new novel, "A Little More," was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

M. Aurel Kolnai, whose remarkable book, "Psycho-analysis and Sociology," was recently published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, was born at Budapest in 1900, and is the son of a Jewish bank director. He matriculated in the Gymnasium at Budapest in 1918, went to the Budapest University to study law, but on the outbreak of Hungarian Communism had to give up his studies there and has since been studying under difficulties in Vienna. He has contributed numerous scientific and political articles to Hungarian newspapers and reviews, and has two new books in preparation.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"The Woodcutter's Dog" (Daniel O'Connor) is a simple eighty-year-old story translated from the French of Charles Nodier, and telling of the wookcutter's faithful curly-haired mongrel, Bichonne, and how she gave her life to save her master's children from a wolf in the Forest of Lions. A slight episode, told swiftly and with the bare simplicity of phrase that appeals to children. The quaint coloured woodcuts of Lovat Fraser add not a little to its charm.

Volume III of "English Prose," chosen and arranged by W. Peacock, has been added to "The World's Classics"

(2s. 6d.; Humphrey Milford), and brings the selection down from Walpole to Charles Lamb. Mr. Peacock has done his work of selection admirably, and when the two further volumes have completed the series ("Landor to Holmes" and "Mrs. Gaskell to Henry James") he will have compiled a real golden treasury of English prose that will deserve to take rank as a standard anthology of its kind.

That he has a light, deft hand for telling a story and touching in his characters Mr. Clive Desmond has proved already in "Derek Gascoyne," and in that ingenious tale of German espionage, "Intrigue." His third book, "Vanished Gods" (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton), has the same qualities of construction and narrative skill, but there are deeper, more poignant notes of romance and of passion in it. There is not a more burning and eager spirit of youth in the love of Romeo and Juliet than in the instant love that drew Bruce Chaloner and Sheila Tempest to each other from the moment of their meeting. Sheila's hesitations and fears, and the reasons for them; the sudden barrier that is raised between her and Bruce by the rejected, disappointed Lecky, an hour after their wedding, and the bitter enstrangement that results, are as sensitively and effectively handled as is the moving scene of their reconciliation, when Sheila breaks down her pride and returns to take her place by her husband at the crisis of the great fight he is making for his rights against a powerful and unscrupulous ring of capitalists. Sheila is a remarkably able study in feminine temperament; her brother, Kit, Chaloner, Lecky, and all the minor characters are very naturally and cleverly drawn. The interest of the story is cumulative; it grows and quickens from chapter to chapter to its culmination, when Chaloner finds his vanished gods return to him. A charming love romance, and the more charming because the romance of it rings true.

Mr. Aurel Kolnai,
author of "Psycho-analysis and Sociology" (Allen & Unwin).

"A Mummer's Tale," by Anatole France (7s. 6d. net; John Lane), is a study in emotions. Félicie, an actress, falls in love with Ligny. Chevalier, her former lover, mad with jealousy, blows his brains out almost on her doorstep. His accusing ghost thereafter stands between Félicie and Ligny and eventually parts them for ever. That is M. France's story summarised with the concise horror of a railway time-table. But the naked narrative is clothed with a warm garment of words that no mere quotation of a line or two could picture. Great writers there have been who, in order to explain their characters to the reader, dissected them with the merciless precision of the surgeon; but M. France presents his heroes, his heroines, even his minor figures with a rare tenderness a sympathy born of understanding, equally revealing and

Mr. Carl Ewald,
the famous Danish writer of nature stories for children. Two of his new books, "Two Legs" and "The Old Willow Tree" (Thornton Butterworth), are reviewed in our Children's Supplement.

infinitely more attractive. It may be said that little Trublet, the physician, is made a vehicle for psycho-analytical reflections which are not altogether new. Is there *anything* new? The present reviewer, for one, is quite content to listen to the fat man's philosophy. The pictures of the French stage and those who live by and about it are drawn with powerful strokes of a master's brush. One is aware of the enormous difficulty of translating such a book without destroying its atmosphere. Nevertheless, "wangle" and "fed up" grate. They may be expressive, they are undoubtedly colloquial, but they are inharmonious.

Mr. Selwyn Jepson
(son of Edgar Jepson), whose first novel, "The Qualified Adventurer" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

Beyond this, the translation has been done well.

When the cold eye of the reviewer lights on a book written by Mrs. Victor Rickard, it softens, and hope springs up. She has proved herself to be mistress of a delicate art, which was exhibited clearly in "Cathy Rossiter," and which reached its height in that absorbing drama called "The House of Courage." Beside these two books, "A Fool's Errand" (8s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton) is slight and unpretentious, but the plot, such as it is, is carefully woven. Tired momentarily of life, the hero, Quentin Dillon, resolves to go on any old adventure. He is delightfully described; a thorough English gentleman; with sensitive face, and dark, audacious eyes. We remain unconvinced when Mrs. Rickard tells us that he went to stay at an unsavoury commercial hotel in Paddington, on his search for something to do. Chance presented him with a new acquaintance, one of the same name—Dillon; a wretched little man just off to Rangoon to assist a shady character called Radstock, who is "trading" (otherwise, gambling). Bored Quentin offered to go out in his namesake's stead and met on the boat sweet Marian Keith, also innocently bound for the Radstocks' evil home. She is exquisite, Irish, an orphan, a lamb among the wolves of the world. Follows the misunderstanding. She'd like to love Quentin the gallant; but how comes he to be employed by her villainous relative Radstock? Quentin, when he gets into the routine of his loathsome new duties, sickens, but does not wish to be far from Marian. Result—great misunderstanding and great misery on the part of Marian, who believes the tale that Dillon is married. There is a nice, cheerful ending in the home of an old professor, who is fond of quoting Nietzsche; there are no dull pages and nothing need be skipped, which, after all, is praise!

Viscountess Rhondda.

From "D. A. Thomas, Viscount Rhondda" (Longmans), reviewed in second Supplement.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—We offer a PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best two-hundred words criticism of and additions to the symposium in THE BOOKMAN Christmas Number on What Poets—especially living Poets—and which one or two of their Poems should be included in a future edition of the Golden Treasury of English Poetry.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

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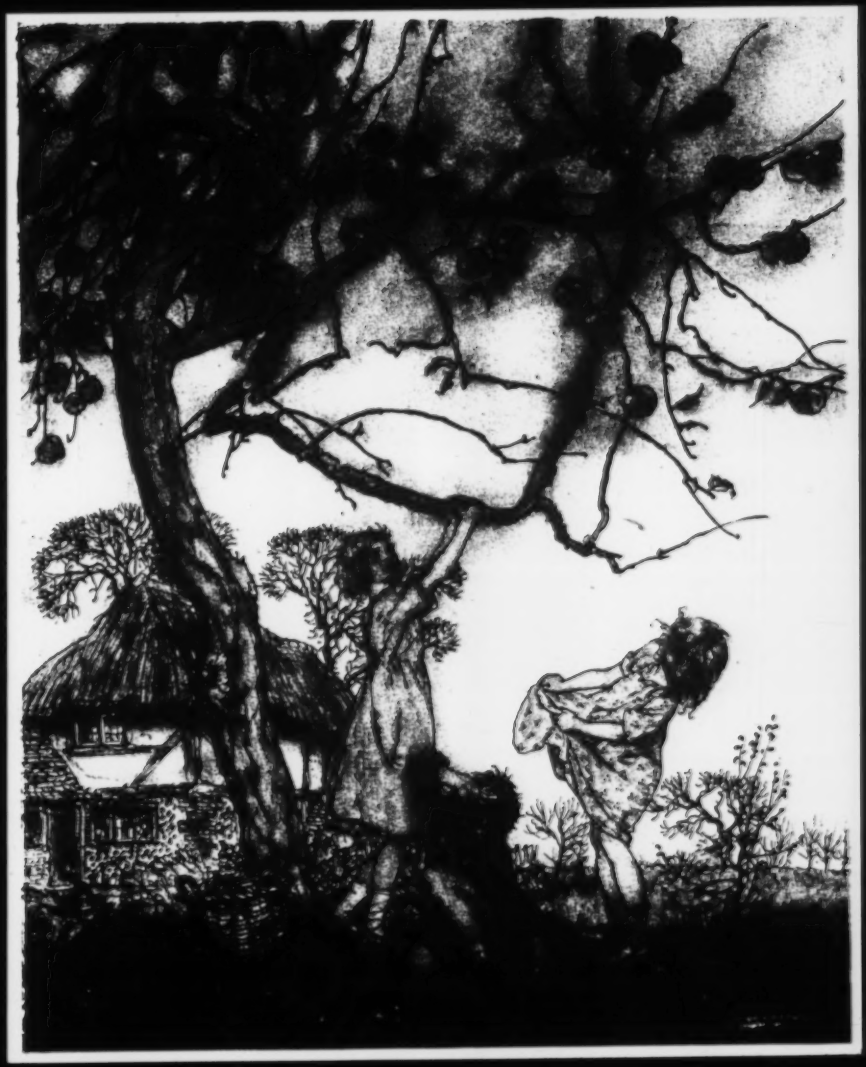

THE READER.

JOHN DRINKWATER: THE PLAYS OF A POET.

By John Freeman.

IT is the task of a chronicler to record, but of a critic to expound, to enlarge, to concentrate, to pursue tendencies, to recognise not only what is subtle and remote but also—a harder task—what is plain and immediate. Why is "Abraham Lincoln" popular? has been asked by many puzzled heads, simple and cynical questioners alike being confused by the success which they had never anticipated. My own answer is simpler than any cynical suggestion, and it is that "Abraham Lincoln" succeeded for a single rare, delightful reason—it deserved success even while it was never allowed to pander to success.

Mr. John Drinkwater.

For there is a loathsome kind of success which is secured by debasement, and it would be easy to name novelists (for example) who, capable of a moderate achievement, have deliberately betrayed their art and their personal gifts, in order to satisfy an unlawful lust for money and a transient praise. But "Abraham Lincoln" *surprised* success, as a traveller, passing musing over yellow long-untravelled sands, may surprise an undreamed-of treasure, lying exposed and neglected in his path. Easy enough is it to despise the riches which are beyond our reach, easy enough to pretend that only the worthless is wanted; but the pretence is often false and dishonourable. Prophecy may be blind and the elements of success incalculable; but in examining a work of art which has evoked a vast welcome it is neither just nor wise to assume the existence of intellectual dishonesty in the author or general folly in his public.

From this cautionary preamble let us turn to John Drinkwater's first famous play, "Abraham Lincoln," and ask more precisely what are its merits. They are both positive and negative, and they are intertwined one with another (as are the virtues of any human being) so closely as to be almost beyond disentangling. First there is a great simplicity and no cleverness. The play is a series of straight lines, without those inveterate convolutions which we suspect in a "poetic" play, and without the cunning criss-crossing of purposes with which cleverer men find it so easy to spoil their best inventions. Next, like the old chronicle plays, "Abraham Lincoln" seizes the advantage of the half-familiar and builds upon a tradition. In most ages traditional art is followed by some and despised by others. Tradition gives something like dignity to dullness, and provokes something like rage in heresy; and it is the artist's great difficulty to accept tradition while preserving an æsthetic freedom—to modify even while he obeys. Just as a few lines of verse become intolerable if they too exactly repeat the precise iambic movement, so in a larger aspect form becomes intolerable if the theme, as well as the manner, of the artist are utterly subdued to it. Equally in a line of verse and in the whole scheme and shape of a play, it is the continual slight infraction of the rigidity of law that enables the artist to follow the freedom of his mind without hindrance and without bewilderment:

> "'Tis but in such captivity
> The unbounded Heavens know what they be."

That imagination should voluntarily subdue itself to law, and yet genius not be cramped by the submission, is hardly surprising when we consider how the spirit is bounded yet not crippled, expressed but not exhausted, by the body. Unhappily the obscure, aspiring suitors to Fame are too often persuaded into a belief that excess is liberty, and extravagance fulfilment.

That easy persuasion has never been Drinkwater's, and indeed in his lyrical poetry there may perhaps be found a little too decorous a discipleship, too unquestioning an acceptance; the essential slight infraction of law being infrequent, and his poetry often wanting in the spontaneous movement which is the very life of verse. But even those who hold this view might well pause before extending it to "Abraham Lincoln." The simplicity and directness of this play bring to my mind the free yet not quite unconstrained movement, the slight angularity indeed, of a happy child in whom nature and civility are reconciled. My own first sight of the play at Hammersmith gave me an impression which subsequent reading wonderfully confirmed; nor could any play be negligible which survived the test of the stage, severe enough in one aspect, and the test of the study, at least equally severe in another. On the stage, something may have been due to the vivid and singular apparition of Lincoln himself, as presented by Mr. Rea, but when that impression has been dimmed by the passage of time it cannot be due to the admirable actor alone that the same force is felt in reading. The impression is skilfully prepared and sustained from the moment when Lincoln's old humble friends are introduced in the First Scene and followed by the delegation which offers him the power and the glory of the United States; and it is reinforced when—greatly daring—a meeting of Confederate commissioners with the new President is set, and perfected when that in turn is succeeded by a cabinet meeting, and once again the moral domination of Lincoln is so easily asserted. In that single phrase, "the moral domination of Lincoln," the open secret of the play's importance is revealed; for that is the quality which dictates the movement, breathes a grave undertone through all the strife, and inspires the whole atmosphere of the play and its public performance.

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Seldom is a moral issue the occasion of a dramatic success, and it is surely John Drinkwater's chief praise that he has enlarged the stiff boundaries of English drama. In the Third Scene, indeed, that issue is deliberately and ironically heightened by a passage between Lincoln and the women:

MRS. OTHERLY: Thank you, Mr. President, for what you've said. I must try to think about it. But I always believed war to be wrong. I didn't want my boy to go, because I believed it to be wrong. But he would. That came to me last week. (*She hands a paper to* LINCOLN.)

LINCOLN (*looks at it, rises, and hands it back to her*): Ma'am, there are times when no man may speak. I grieve for you, I grieve for you.

MRS. OTHERLY (*rising*): I think I will go. You don't mind my saying what I did?

LINCOLN: We are all poor creatures, ma'am. Think kindly of me. (*He takes her hand.*) Mary!

[MRS. LINCOLN *goes out with* MRS. OTHERLY.

MRS. BLOW: Of course it's very sad for her, poor woman. But she makes her trouble worse by these perverted views, doesn't she. And I hope you will show no signs of weakening, Mr. President, till it has been made impossible for those shameful rebels to hold up their heads again. Goliath says you ought to make a proclamation that no mercy will be shown to them afterwards. I'm sure I shall never speak to one of them again. (*Rising*) Well, I must be going. I'll see Mrs. Lincoln as I go out. Good afternoon, Mr. President.

Poster
by C. Lovat Fraser.
For John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

The Log Cabin in Kentucky where Lincoln was born.
From *My Magazine*. By permission of Mr. Arthur Mee.

[*She turns at the door, and offers* LINCOLN *her hand, which he does not take.*

LINCOLN: Good afternoon, madam. And I'd like to offer ye a word of advice. That poor mother told me what she thought. I don't agree with her, but I honour her. She's wrong, but she is noble. You've told me what you think—I don't agree with you, and I'm ashamed of you and your like. You, who have sacrificed nothing, babble about destroying the South while other people conquer it. I accepted this war with a sick heart, and I've a heart that's near to breaking every day. I accepted it in the name of humanity, and just and merciful dealing, and the hope of love and charity on earth. And you come to me, talking of revenge and destruction, and malice, and enduring hate. These gentle people are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly, and in a great name. It is you that dishonour the cause for which we stand—it is you who would make it a mean and little thing.

It is easy, with such echoes of eloquence pursuing one's thoughts when the play is done, to understand why the Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith and the huge Lyceum in the Strand should have attracted people whom the theatre for so long had failed to allure. Jeremy Collier himself might rub his hands if it were given him to revisit the blissful glimpses of the moon. Moral questions are acute enough in Mr. Shaw's plays, but Mr. Shaw does not fill the Lyceum; for it is not the abstract moral question but the incarnate moral attitude that arrests the thoughts of men and women. Thus the modern home of innocent melodrama became a shelter for what is really a dramatic study of an historical character whose influence upon English people has been remote and slight. Even the faults of the play have scarcely limited its attraction. The two Chroniclers may seem as grotesque on the stage as in the study, and their reminder of Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts" too insistent; and many who have seen the play have lamented the interruption of such an effusive lyricism as:

"You who have gone gathering
Cornflowers and meadowsweet,
Heard the hazels glancing down
On September eves,
Seen the homeward rooks on wing
Over fields of golden wheat,
And the silver cups that crown
Water-lily leaves."

And even the much better verse of:

"A wind blows in the night,
And the pride of the rose is gone"

might have been spared without hardship for the audience. Another fault, if it be fault (for I cannot urge it), has been alleged against the author's treatment of history. The cavil is a dull one. If art imposes obligations, thick as the thorns of a hedge, it offers liberties as many, and the truthful presentation of a great figure, viewed imaginatively, is not dependent upon the accurate observance of the calendar; else that useful term, the Chronicle Play, would possess too deadly a meaning. A more sensible objection is that the tone is inadequately relieved; but here again criticism herself remembers that the very subject of the play is a character of exceptional loftiness and sustained seriousness, moving slowly through a grave era. Sensitive reactions, gusty passions, romantic weaknesses, gross abasements, sudden raptures—these form no part of Lincoln's history; and it is to the author's credit, not to his dispraise, that the historical character has not been falsified or sentimentalised. Negro slavery does not quicken our sympathies now, and the temptation to heighten the subject and arouse faded sensibilities—if ever the author felt the temptation—was put by with dignity. I rejoice that this has been so, especially since I have a painful misgiving that "Oliver Cromwell" indicates a yielding to the sentimental, and therefore presents a less faithful likeness to its great subject.

* * *

The passage to "Oliver Cromwell" compels an admission concerning "Abraham Lincoln" which I have been loath to make, namely, that the real flaw in the earlier play is the sluggishness of dramatic action—another matter than the question of uniformity of *tone*. The flaw is disguised by the moral brightness and clarity in which Lincoln moves, and it has not appeared a conspicuous flaw, neither has it proved a hindrance to the general working of the play. But it has touched more seriously the new drama, and I am the more anxious to see how far the splendid inventions of the stage, and the presence of Mr. Henry Ainley in the part of Cromwell, may succeed in imparting life and vigour to a play which reads a little primly.

Yet suspicion is precipitate, and I must hasten to the manifest excellences, leaving aside once again any questioning of the poet's right to make what use he may of that supple jade, the Muse of History. "Oliver Cromwell" opens with an admirable domestic piece, a piece that strikes the key of the play and suggests that the Great Rebellion was a vast family feud—truly a domestic calamity in which brother was set against brother, father against son, and honest Englishmen on both sides opposed in extreme contention. "There's always something wrong. It keeps men busy, I suppose," says Oliver's mother, with a kind of humorous sadness; adding to the impression with another brief sentence: "Oliver's like somebody out of the Bible about to-morrow as it is. This will make him worse." Her remarks about recent and current

Drawing by G. C. Drinkwater.

The Assassination.

Scene outside the door of the box in which Lincoln was sitting.
One of the posters drawn for Mr. John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

poetry, about Shakespeare and Herrick and Donne and Herbert, are scarcely the remarks we should expect from an old lady of eighty, but her precocity can be forgiven for the sake of a witty rebuke to Hampden, who complains that Herrick's poetry is not very serious: "Don't be silly, Mr. Hampden—if you excuse me for saying so. Mr. Herrick is very serious indeed, only he isn't always telling us of it."

Cromwell's entrance into the play is admirably managed, and his significant attitude announced in a doctrine which is no longer a matter of political doubt, but still a matter (in these days of abundant perplexity) of philosophic doubt: "I have a faith that the people of this country are born to be, under God, a free people." But even in the decline of political doubt the Second Scene remains vigorous and impressive, for there the Commons are assembled to hear Cromwell's Vindication of the Rights of Man. Men are still concerned with such problems as vexed the heart of the seventeenth century, and although Cromwell's doctrine is idly accepted, its fulfilment remains obscure and difficult. It is stated in fresh terms to-day, but it is not done with. The exigence of Cromwell's assertion throughout Drinkwater's play somewhat dulls the edge of action, and except for a moment of heat in the scene at Naseby the whole play, in its eloquence and dignity, seems to possess more of the magnificent gravity of an Imaginary Conversation by Walter Savage Landor, than the swift movement of drama. Even the visit of Cromwell to Charles at Hampton Court (where the discovery of the King's treachery is so artlessly contrived), although it is a conception of the highest value for the occasion, does not wholly redeem the play from its static coldness; and another unfortunate touch, from which humour might have saved the author, is noticeable in the last scene—a scene heaving with tenderness and human kindness—in which Oliver's mother, now aged ninety, listens appreciatively to Marvell's subtly metaphysical poetry and bids her son: "Be kind to all poets, Oliver. They have been very kind to me. They have the best doctrine." This dying adjuration, though its abstract truth is a point for which I could willingly bleed, is disastrously undramatic for the conclusion of the play.

Cromwell's Death Mask.
In the British Museum.

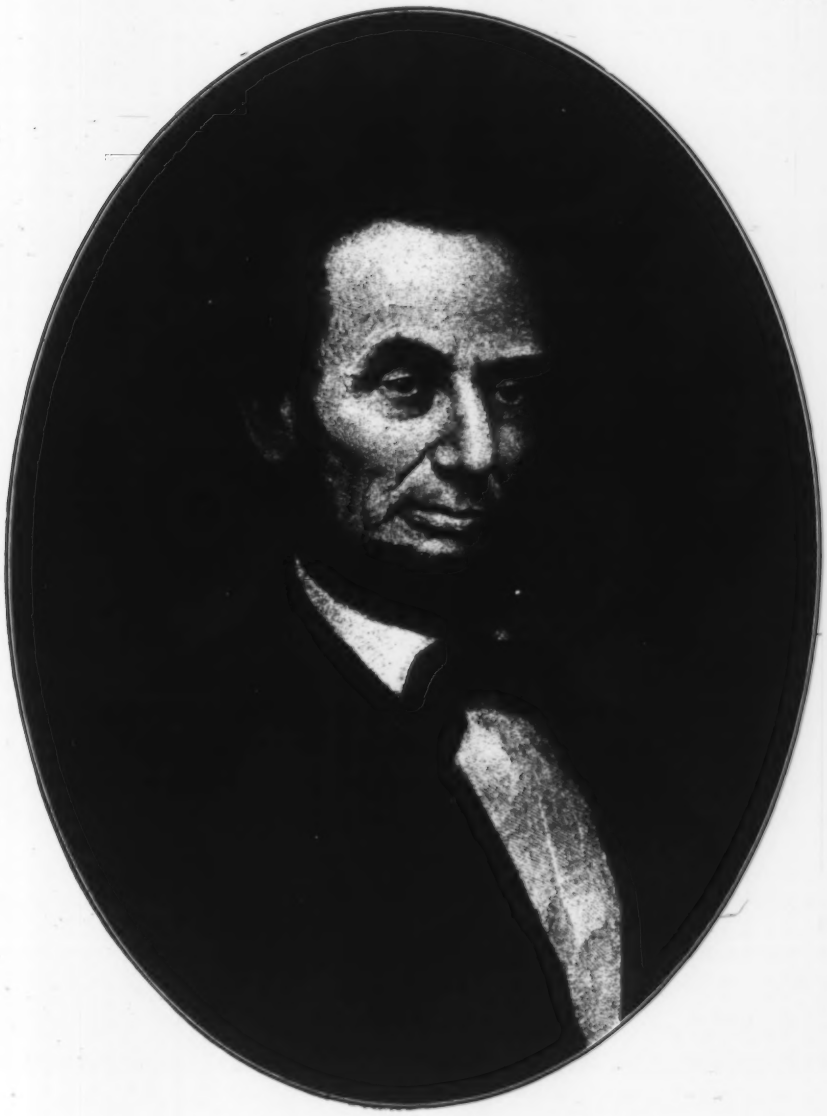
There is, to end all my complaints, a thought too much of the feminine in "Oliver Cromwell." I would not be hypercritical, but it seems that Cromwell has been conceived in terms of Abraham Lincoln. Cromwell was no Lincoln; his greatness was a greatness of his own, and he could not be great in another's way. He was subtle, his mind was active and acute, he was nearer to Napoleon than to Lincoln; he was a master of men, a master of England when England needed a master; and of all this variable greatness, this upland irregularity of genius, there are but faint traces in John Drinkwater's play. But like "Abraham Lincoln," it has the moral domination which it is this poet's special purpose to illuminate. He has portrayed Cromwell as he sees him, the Elder Brother in a family from which a weak and intellectually dissolute father is with difficulty expelled; and no one will complain of an absence of seriousness in his conception, or of a want of that rare skill which is necessary to the achievement of honourable success in dramatic work.

CROMWELL AND LINCOLN.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS.

SINCE Mr. Drinkwater has selected for purposes of dramatisation two such grim personalities as Oliver Cromwell and Abraham Lincoln, it is permissible to wonder why, and to look into the two cases to find the source of attraction. Perhaps the best plan is to make a comparison of the two men after the manner of Plutarch.

To begin with, neither of them is a very promising subject if the dramatist has in view the love interest. It is true that Lincoln had affairs—strictly straightforward and honourable affairs—with three women; but none of them lent itself to dramatic treatment. No doubt a romantic poet of determination might make something out of the case of Miss Ann Rutledge and her early death, with its shock to Lincoln. But not enough is known about these affairs to make them win a place in the public regard; at all events, this is not the aspect in which Lincoln appears as a significant figure in life. There is a curious matter-of-factness about the information handed down to us concerning the three women who have won their way into the intimate story of this great American. Romance finds

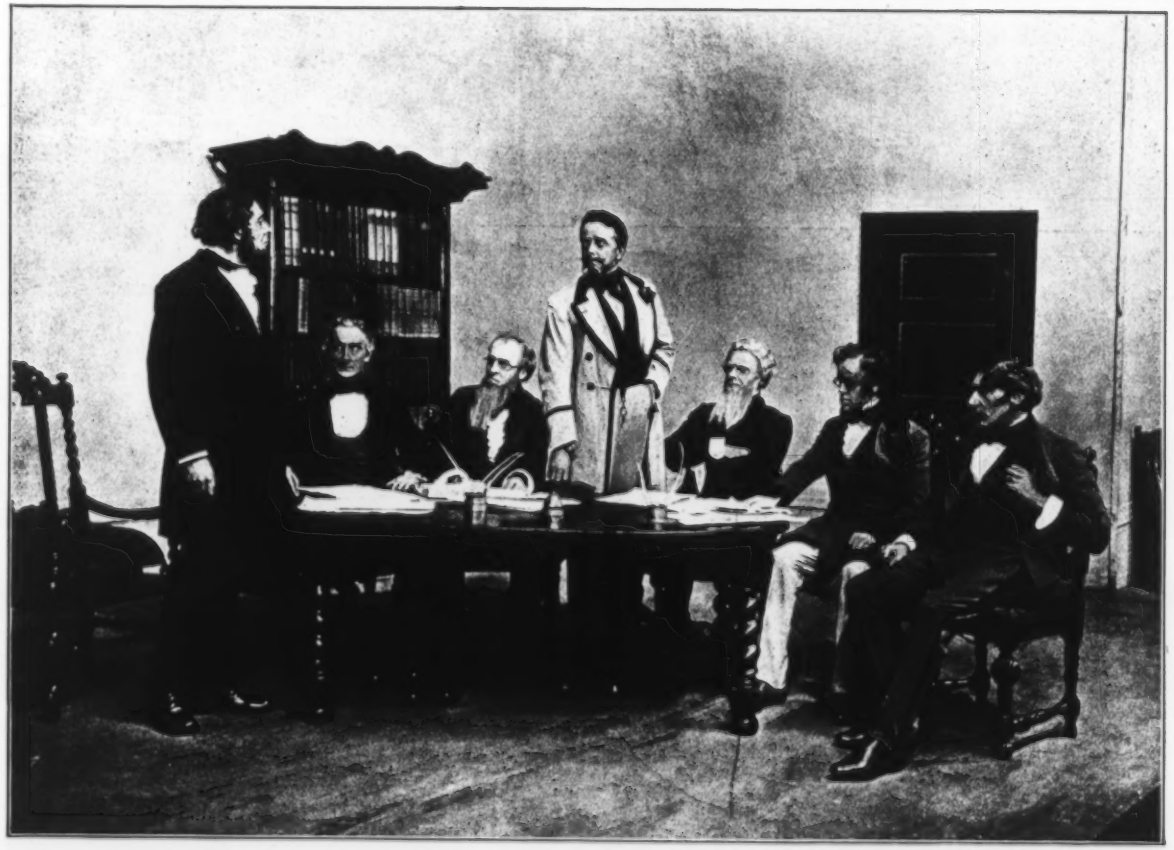


ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

XUM

"MA'AM, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN NO MAN MAY SPEAK. I GRIEVE FOR YOU, I GRIEVE FOR YOU."

Photo by Stage Photo Company.
Scene from Mr. John Drinkwater's Play, "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."



A CABINET MEETING.

Photo by Stage Photo Company.
Scene from Mr. John Drinkwater's Play, "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Photo by Claude Harris.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER.

it difficult to survive the statement of their weight avoirdupois. When we are told that they weighed respectively one hundred and twenty, one hundred and fifty and one hundred and thirty pounds, there does not seem to be much more to say. On Cromwell's side, an early and happy marriage, with a serene domestic life, does not provide an attractive opening for the romantic dramatist.

The truth is that these two worthies are men's men, fighting men, dominators. They attract by their actions, and draw their dramatic value from what they did in war and statesmanship.

Oliver Cromwell.

From the painting by Lely; sent by the Protector to the Grand Duke Ferdinand II.

There are certain obvious resemblances in the careers of the two men. Each had a long preparatory period, and came to his own at a late stage. Each had a long spell of country work among quiet surroundings. Each passed through that distressing time of darkness and doubt that falls to the lot of so many who afterwards reach distinction. To be sure, the storm and stress differed in the two cases, as was only natural in view of the contrasting conditions, but this interlude of gloom and mental fight produced the same sort of result in both.

Both came of intrinsically good stock, though the American began in poverty and the Englishman in comparatively easy circumstances. It is claimed that Lincoln had all the advantages associated with that rather meaningless phrase, "racy of the soil," while Cromwell had whatever benefits come from hereditary squirearchy on his father's side, and the suspicion of a royal descent on his mother's. In a way it is reasonable to call both of them self-made men, since the difference between their beginnings and their glorious endings is so great that only their personal merits can account for it—apart from chance, which, so far as they are concerned, may be regarded as negligible. Perhaps the advance made by Cromwell is more notable than that made by Lincoln; not that the Presidency of the United States is a less dignified position than the Lord Protectorship of England, but that the passage from country lawyer to President is more in the nature of things than from gentleman farmer to Lord Protector. Such elevations are provided for in American organisation. In England a leap to the highest place was, till Cromwell's time, regarded as impossible; it was one of those things that, in the emphatic English expression, "is not done."

Generally speaking, the phrase, "a self-made man," implies also a self-educated man. This implication is justified in the case of Lincoln, but not of Cromwell. The young squire had a good education in an ordinary grammar school at Huntingdon, and we hear quite a good deal about Dr. Beard, his schoolmaster there. Further, after leaving school young Cromwell went up to Cambridge. No doubt he did not complete the course there, since domestic duties called him home after little more than a year at the University. But when all is said, he had the ordinary education of his class, and could meet any English gentleman on equal terms. Lincoln, on the other hand, had practically no formal education at all. He himself estimated that all the time he ever spent in schools of any kind amounted in total to "something under twelve months." He really taught himself the three R's, and by and by, with the aid of Kirkham's Grammar, familiarised himself with good English.

Considering the difference in their education and in the circumstances under which they were brought up, it is remarkable that both men should have developed a strong conservative bias. Events forced each to become a violent innovator, but neither of them at the beginning had any pleasure in interfering with things established. At first it is clear that Cromwell had no desire to attack royalty as such. Like his fellow squires he wanted freedom and fair play; but these seemed to him quite consistent with perfect loyalty to a constitutional king. It took long to educate him up to the

point of maintaining that in battle he would pistol the king just as he would any ordinary man.

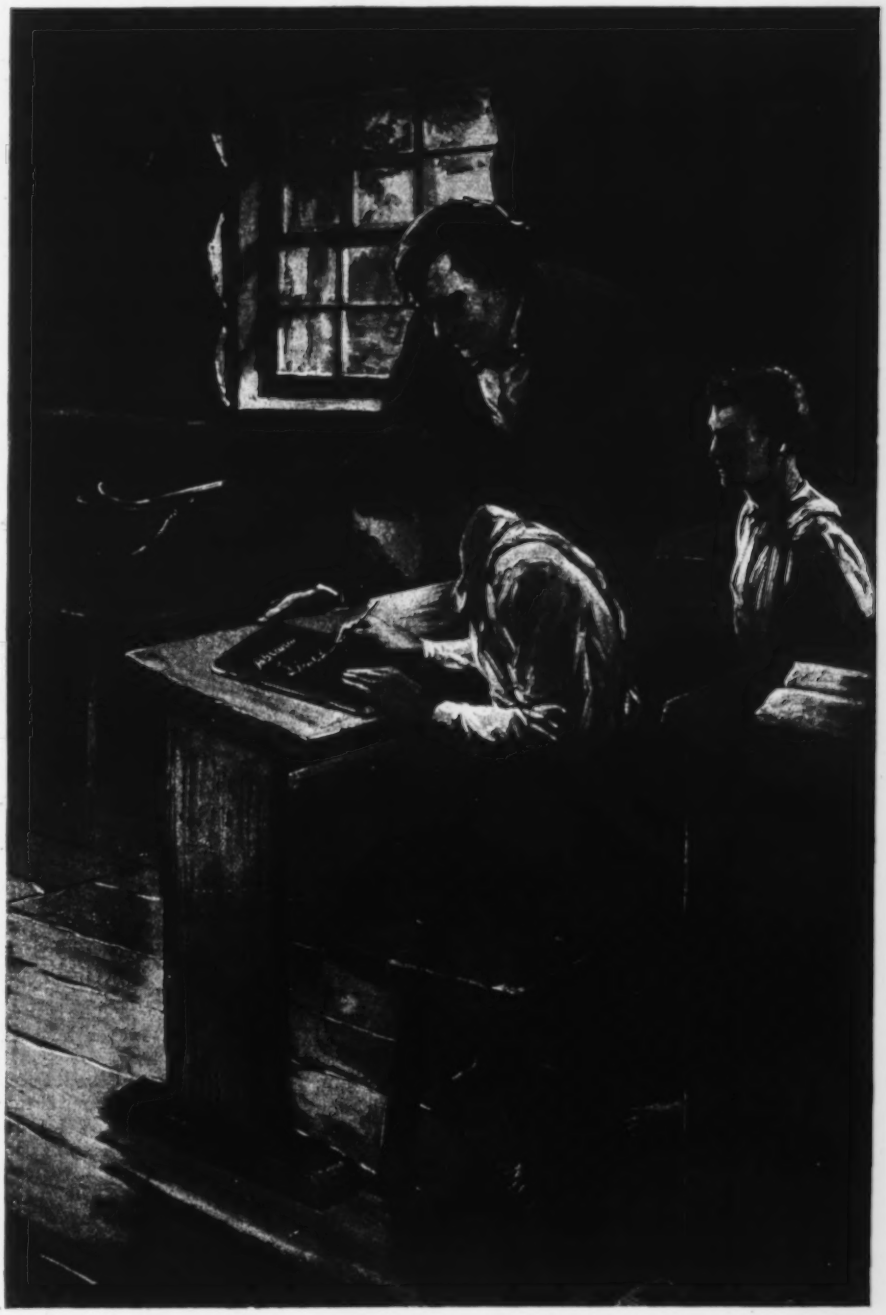
We are familiar with the reverence with which the Americans regard their constitution. It is difficult for us to understand why they take pride in tying themselves up in such inextricable knots as those written statutes impose. But there it is, and Lincoln was no exception. He stood by the constitution as the basis of all his actions. Perhaps this was only natural, seeing that the purpose of the war was primarily to maintain the constitution. As it proceeded, however, emergencies arose that could be met only by what were at any rate technical breaches. No doubt the abolition of slavery could have been accomplished by a change legitimately effected in the constitution. But no change could be made during the war, since the constitution was itself at stake. It went sorely against the grain with Lincoln to have to anticipate this legitimate method of effecting abolition. Nothing but the irresistible logic of events could have forced him to the proclamation of Emancipation. It was a repetition of the process that led Cromwell to the pistolling stage. In the nineteenth century, as in the seventeenth, there were found fighters who were afraid of winning outright. It was when Cromwell began to discover that some of the highest parliamentary officers were unwilling to deal a knock-out blow, that he reached the stage of identical treatment of all enemy combatants. A somewhat similar force was at work in the earlier American campaigns, though Lincoln himself was always perfectly clear that he wanted to win, and to win as quickly as possible.

Indeed, the winning parties in the two civil wars had the same motive. In both the ultimate aim was to crush those who claimed privilege for a special class. We must of course admit the American contention that their war was not begun on account of slavery, but in order to maintain the Union. Nothing could prove this more clearly than Lincoln's long delay in adopting Emancipation. But from the beginning of the war the slave question was vital, and soon became predominant. The real fight was for potential equality. Common experience shows that there never can be real equality among men as men; but there may easily be equality among men as citizens, and it was for this civil equality that Lincoln stood. The oneness of motive in the two wars is illustrated by the curious fact that Lincoln selected for purposes of exposition the claim represented by the phrase, "the divine right of kings." It was a vigorous leap in thought to pass from the claims of the slaves to the pretensions of kings, and to demand identical treatment in the two cases. As Cromwell and his followers would have no class privilege at the upper end of the scale, so Lincoln and his party would have none at the lower.

One of the most striking contrasts between the two men has been held to be their attitude towards bloodshed. Lincoln was pre-eminently a man of peace. It is true that he had had experience in actual frontier

Cromwell dictating to his secretary, Milton.
From a painting by F. Newenham.

soldiering, but he was never the genuine acting soldier that Cromwell became. During the whole war, and particularly at the time when Grant was carrying out his chessboard policy of wearing down Lee's forces, Lincoln suffered mental torture. He kept continually picturing to himself the daily toll of lives exacted from both sides. Of Cromwell we read: "He was naturally compassionate toward objects in distress, even in an effeminate degree." But it must be admitted that his record does not bear much trace of this amiable form of effeminacy. The emphasis lies clearly on the other side. It is true that an excellent case can be made out for Oliver as a humorist, though his jokes often took a rather grim and practical form. In the index to Morley's "Cromwell" we have five references under the head of "Compassion and tenderness." But when all is said, it is the quality of ruthlessness that stands out most prominently in the Cromwellian record. Oliver was entirely free from a weakness to which Lincoln pled guilty—an almost constitutional inability to say "No." The gentle Gray is perhaps a little unjust in his "Nor shut the gates of mercy on mankind." But while there is ringing in our ears the German arguments in favour of shortening a war by frightfulness, it would be unwise to push into prominence the ultimate life-saving virtue of massacres, even if the slaughter be limited to actual combatants. Lincoln's attitude makes to-day a much more popular appeal than Cromwell's.



Abraham Lincoln learns to write.

From Arthur Mee's "Hero Book" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Naturally out of these considerations arises the question of the attitude of the two men towards religion. Though he declined to associate himself with any of the sects, Lincoln was an intensely religious man. He failed to reach the definiteness of Cromwell's beliefs, and thus lost some of the power that clear-cut religious views give in dealing with the people. He had a strain too of mild superstition that cannot be fairly included under religion. For example, on one occasion he had a profound conviction that he was about to receive good news about Sherman's army, because he had had several repetitions of a certain dream that he always found to forebode good news. Similar suggestions have been made about Cromwell with regard to such matters as lucky days. But his religion was far too solidly organised to allow of such straggling excrescences.

XUM

His scheme of things immaterial was broad enough to find a genuine religious interpretation of all that happened. As raw material for the dramatist Lincoln here offers more scope than does Cromwell. With the American we have all the charm of uncertain expectancy; everything is possible; with the Englishman we are able, because of his massively organised religious scheme, to "make out and reckon on his ways." In matters of thought as opposed to action the analytical historian will make more out of Cromwell, the analytical dramatist more out of Lincoln.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "SHAKESPEARE."

By W. S. CROCKETT.

SIR WALTER had his introduction to Shakespeare during his delicate boyhood at Bath about the year 1775. Thither, accompanied by his "kind and affectionate Aunt Janet," he had gone for the special treatment which it was hoped would reinvigorate his enfeebled limbs, in danger of paralysis. A month or two later came his uncle, Captain Robert Scott, of Rosebank, whose arrival brought days of laughter and joy to the little invalid. Scott's first visit to a theatre was made under his uncle's auspices, and it was then that "As You Like It" enthralled and mystified him:

"The witchery of the whole scene is alive in my mind at this instant," he wrote in the Ashestiel Fragment. "I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so scandalised at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'A'nt they brothers?'"

From that hour Scott was gripped by a passion for the great dramatist. All that Shakespeare wrote became extraordinarily familiar to him. A marvellous memory allowed him to quote quickly (if not always accurately) from that vast intellectual store-house which next to the Bible has yielded treasures of wisdom and spiritual comfort to the whole of mankind. Scott himself has been spoken of as "our Scottish Shakespeare" and "our second Shakespeare." Both writers had many things in common—in their freshness, their suggestiveness, their happy, innocent hilarity, their power of aphorism, their simple, human appeal, their majestic outlook on life, and not least, their intense religiousness.

It is not generally known that Scott contemplated and actually began an edition of Shakespeare partly in collaboration with John Gibson Lockhart, to run to ten volumes at least. The story of the venture is interesting, and the steps which led up to it may be recalled.

Apparently the proposal had its origin with Archibald Constable, who wrote to Scott on February 15th, 1822:

"In looking over a bookseller's catalogue lately—which, indeed, is one of my amusements—I met with an extraordinary article, a collection of all that had been written about Shakespeare, consisting of no fewer than one hundred articles. I sent to inquire the price, but . . . it was sold. Had it remained, and not been enormously expensive, it was my intention, by hook or by crook, to have sent it to Abbotsford. . . . An edition of the immortal bard might be brought out in twelve or fourteen volumes, with a set of readable and amusing notes. There ought, besides, to be an introductory volume, written on purpose, giving a general view of Shakespeare's life, writings, times, and also an account of the labours of former editors; but there is only one individual into whose hands such an undertaking could be put, to embrace and secure all the advantages, which I would conceive it necessary to have accomplished, and to enable the publishers to propose to that individual sufficient remuneration for such a work. At present I shall not say more; but I trust you will give it your best consideration, and if you honour me by any reply to this or any other part of my letter, allow me to request that it may come to myself direct, here. I could, I believe, still get you nearly a complete set of all that has been written about Shakespeare, which, perhaps, you might like to possess."

Scott replied on February 25th:

"A Shakespeare, to say truth, has been often a favourite scheme with me: a sensible Shakespeare in which the useful and readable notes should be condensed and separated from the trash; but it would require much time, and, I fear, more patience than I may ever be able to command. Then, when the world sees it, they would certainly be disappointed, for of a name of notoriety they would expect something new on a subject where there is nothing new to be said; and when they found it was only a selection and condensation of the labours of former editors, they would be apt to conceive themselves imposed upon. Yet, so long ago as when John Ballantyne was in Hanover Street, I did think seriously of such a thing, and I still think it a desideratum in English literature."

On October 19th Scott again communicated with Constable:

"The Shakespeare plan I like much better. I could conduct it without interfering with other engagements, since I could have Lockhart's powerful assistance as to Philology, in which he is perfectly skilled—as much, indeed, as any one I ever knew. . . . I have the matter very sincerely at heart; it could go on slowly (for fast it could not proceed), and would scarce interfere with other things, for that sort of labour is rather an amusement to me than otherwise. Perhaps if I were to bring a play or two by way of experiment, you could better judge what was like to come of it. I have most of the books that would be necessary. . . . No doubt a most popular book might be made by putting the notes into an entertaining and popular shape, and with my son Lockhart's assistance for the fag, I would have great pleasure in doing it. . . . It would take two or three years to bring out such a book creditably."

In February, 1823, came Constable's reply:

"Although I have not had the pleasure of communicating with you since receipt of your letter in October last, on the subject of the projected edition of Shakespeare, yet it has had a good deal of my thoughts, and my anxious wish to see such a work executed continues unabated. Of the safety of the undertaking to the bookseller there cannot, I think, be any question, and in the hope that the terms and plan which have occurred to me may merit your further consideration, I would now respectfully beg leave to lay them before you."

The work was to consist of ten volumes, to be freely interspersed with notes, and to have at the end space sufficient for the Poems. The introductory volume, containing a Life of Shakespeare with other matter, was "as a matter of course to be the last printed." As to terms, Constable as usual was generous. He offered

OLIVER CROMWELL.

CROMWELL AT NASEBY, 1645.

From the painting by CHARLES LANDSEER.

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL, 1658.

From the painting by D. W. WYNFIELD (South Kensington Museum).

From Arthur Mee's "HERO BOOK"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WITH HIS SON TED, RECEIVING NEWS OF THE ENDING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

£2,500. The edition was not to exceed 1,500 copies, "without any embellishment excepting, perhaps, a portrait of Shakespeare." Lockhart replied from Abbotsford (spreading the butter thickly), no doubt at Scott's prompting:

"I have had a good deal of conversation with Sir Walter Scott about the Shakespeare, and I believe there will be no difficulty to the plan started by either of us, in case you have quite made up your mind. It is indeed quite impossible that anything should be handsomer than your proposed arrangements, and I can only say that I honestly believe you are the only bookseller the world ever saw that was capable of conceiving and executing such schemes. Long may you both conceive and execute!"

But almost a year passed before anything more was said. Cadell was Scott's correspondent on this occasion (March 17th, 1824): "I am throughout friendly to the scheme, provided that your other and more valuable avocations are not impeded by it." He mentions Lockhart's part in the undertaking, and agrees that "while the press is occupied with vol. second and its successors, the work cannot be too soon commenced. If it could be so arranged as to appear in the winter of 1824–25 it would be well."

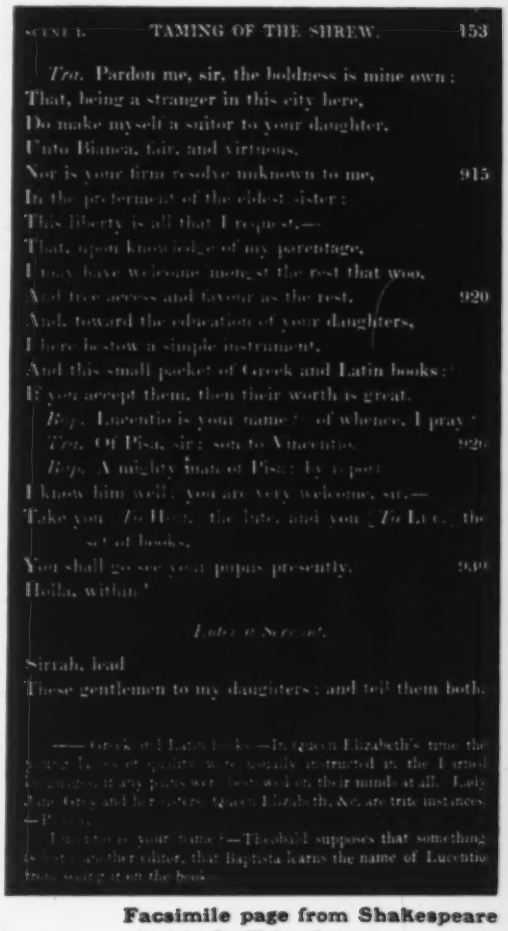
There can be no question that Scott took up the task with avidity, for on January 25th, 1825, Constable wrote to Joseph Ogle Robinson, the chief partner of his London agents, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson & Co.:

"It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the first sheet of Sir Walter Scott's Shakespeare is now in type. It will make ten volumes. The first volume contains the Life of Shakespeare, by Sir Walter. He is to be assisted in the notes by Mr. Lockhart, who is perhaps the best philologist of the present day. We shall print an edition in foolscap octavo, and perhaps afterwards one in a smaller size of the octavo. In the meantime we intend only 1,000 copies—the greater portion of which I have no doubt will go your way. This I expect will be a first-rate property."

And on September 20th of the same year we have him telling Scott that "Shakespeare is getting on." The rest is silence so far as Constable's printed correspondence is concerned. The crash came in 1826, when there was considerable disagreement as to the ownership of the bankrupt estate. In Andrew Lang's "Lockhart" (Vol. I, p. 395) there is an extract from a letter of Scott's, dated January 26th, 1826, in which he says to his son-in-law: "I am afraid you will suffer about the Shakespeare, but surely you will have retention on the book so far as it has gone, for recompense of your labour." And on May 30th Scott reverts to the matter, asking Lockhart: "What do you about Shakespeare? Constable's creditors seem desirous to carry it on. Certainly their bankruptcy breaks the contract. For me, *c'est egal*: I have nothing to do with the emoluments, and I can with very little difficulty discharge my part of the matter, which is the Prolegomena, and Life and Times." In 1827 the question of continuing the work was undecided. It was again mentioned in a letter of March 24th, from Scott to his *collaborateur*: "Cadell, I can see, is very desirous it should go on." On February 20th, 1830, however, Lockhart tells Scott that Cadell's enthusiasm had waned, "but Mr. [John] Murray is now ready to take it up." That is the last we hear of it. The enterprise begun so zealously was abandoned.

But what became of the printed sheets or of the numerous made-up copies? Thomas Constable (Archibald's son) declares that "three volumes of the edition were *completed* before the sad crisis of 1826, but then laid aside; and ultimately, I have been told, *the sheets were sold in London as waste-paper*!" (the italics are Constable's.) "It is even doubted whether one copy be now in existence." "I have never been able to find any trace of the three wasted volumes," says Lang in his "Lockhart" (Vol. I, p. 309), adding: "The enterprise was one for which Lockhart, with his admiration of Shakespeare, and his knowledge, was well adapted, and, when all failed, he might have said with the Man who was Crafty, 'Verily my fine gold hath perished.'" Elsewhere Lockhart's biographer says: "The fate of the 'Shakespeare' remains a literary mystery. One would have expected to find copies of the three volumes, finished, at Abbotsford." The copies are not at Abbotsford, as I can testify.

Like most of the Manuscripts of the Waverley Novels, the three volumes of Scott's unpublished Shakespeare have found their way to America, where they are among the treasures of the Barton Collection in Boston Public Library. After a careful expiscation of all available evidence I am satisfied that the claim made on behalf of these three volumes is trustworthy, and that they are probably the sole extant volumes of the series which Scott and Lockhart undertook to prepare. To be sure, they are bound up without title pages; the


SCENE I. TAMING OF THE SHREW. 153

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both.

—Greek or Latin books.—In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the Learned languages, as any polite writer was not to be on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances.—P.

[illegible] your name?—Theobald supposes that something is lost; another editor, that Baptista learns the name of Lucentio from seeing it on the book.

Facsimile page from Shakespeare edited by Sir Walter Scott.

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commentary contains nothing that would indicate its authorship; and they carry no date. But the condition of the books, their broken number, especially in the light of what has been now said, and the imprint, "Edinburgh: printed by James Ballantyne and Co.", seem legitimate argument for their genuineness. Further, on the two fly-leaves of Vol. II is a note written by Thomas Rodd, a London bookseller, in which he says:

"I purchased these three volumes of Shakespeare's Works from a Sale at Edinburgh. They were entered in the catalogue as 'Shakespeare's Works, edited by Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, Vols. II, III, IV. All printed, *unique*.' That Scott entertained the design of editing Shakespeare I know from Archibald Constable, who mentioned it to me more than once, and I sent him a little book of memoranda for Scott's use, but as he, Constable, informed me, it never reached him. The bankruptcies of Scott and Constable prevented the completion of the work. The book bears marks of Scott's usual inaccuracies, as I find on casually opening these volumes."

The date of Rodd's purchase is unknown, but it must have been in the forties or early fifties of last century. In 1860 Dr. James Wynne compiled an account of the Private Libraries of New York, in which he devoted a section to the Thomas P. Barton Library and quoted Rodd's note on the purchase. The Barton Collection became a part of the Boston Library in 1873. Justin Winsor, writing to the *Boston Advertiser* of March 21st, 1874, soon after the publication of "Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents" (1873), said:

"The account of the Barton Collection, which was printed fifteen years ago, contained the earliest public mention, I believe, of the supposition that Scott ever engaged in such a work, which this life of Constable now renders certain. These later corroborative statements give a peculiar interest to the volumes which are now in this Library, and which are perhaps the only ones of the edition now in existence."

Mr. Charles F. D. Belden, the Librarian at Boston, has kindly furnished me with a description of the three volumes for my Bibliography of Scott, now nearing completion: "The volumes are numbered Vol. II, Vol. III, Vol. IV, on the half-titles of the first Plays in each. Each Play has an introduction of a page or two, and notes, not very voluminous, at the bottoms of pages. There is no general editorial matter, and no illustrations. The binding is half morocco, red, with marbled paper sides. The height is twenty-two centimetres [about nine inches]. Vol. II (438 pp.) contains "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Merchant of Venice." Vol. III (474 pp.) contains "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing." Vol. IV (524 pp.) contains "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Measure for Measure," "All's Well That Ends Well," "The Twelfth Night." On the last page of each Volume is the imprint: "Edinburgh: Printed by James Ballantyne and Co."

RUDYARD KIPLING.*

By R. Ellis Roberts.

IT may be of deliberate intention that the arrangement—bibliographically deplorable—of this complete edition of Mr. Kipling's poetry reminds the reader how Victorian the great author is. Too many of our modern poets, if we look at their collected works, remind one of a perfectly arranged room, done in the approved modern style, with no jarring note, no disharmony of colour or rhythm, and, in time, a maddening monotony of effect. If you have read one poem you have read all. With Mr. Kipling precisely the opposite is true. He does of course repeat himself; no author so copious could fail to do so; but there is about his work a variety, not merely of mood, but of thought, of experience, of material and manner which make his work unparalleled except among the great poets. To read Kipling is a general education: and like all educations, it is to the young he will appeal most strongly. To read him, especially in this edition, is like wandering about some enormous drawing-room in which a hundred clashing tastes have been let loose, one of those drawing-rooms in which things have been kept because they are beautiful, or because they are quaint, or because they are familiar, or because they were given in friendship, or because they have always been there. To read him is to make a journey to the unacknowledged and too often decried fountain-head of many more recent rivers of song. To read him is, for youth especially, to be forced into a tolerance for characters and moods, beliefs and traditions which are repugnant or alien, or merely bewildering. The modern young poet seems, as a rule, to be an only child: he has never had to trim his opinions or curb their expression to suit the convenience or convictions of brothers or sisters. To read Mr. Kipling is to realise that we are children of a large family, and that people with strange habits, loud voices and disturbing tastes are entitled to call us brothers and sisters. You cannot read Kipling, whether in verse or prose, without having a world of infinite immediacy and diverse richness forced on your consciousness, a world packed with a "diversity of creatures," our fellow-men, scallawags and saints, full of worldly wisdom, given to coarseness, to meanness, to cowardice, to loving-kindness and to heroism, a world which seeks out many inventions and which yet steps aside for the dreamer, the dreamer whose dreams come true. How good a corrective these poems are to youth's hard contempt for all the square pegs which will not be fitted into the tiny round hole of a world which has been fashioned in the image of his own temperament; that contempt must break or soften a little when it meets the men who "took the Bolivar safe across the bay," or the man who honoured Fuzzy-Wuzzy or sang the praise of Gunga Din.

The modern impatience with Kipling is largely a political impatience: yet who would turn from "Lycidas," "Comus" or "Paradise Lost" because

* "Rudyard Kipling's Verse." Inclusive Edition, 1885–1918. 25s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

he disliked Milton's attitude on divorce or his attack on Charles I? No age has prated quite so much as ours about the need for æsthetic criticism, and few have practised it less. Kipling has of course been praised for wrong reasons—no sincere lover of poetry would mind if "Ulster" or "The Female of the Species" were lost altogether: but I am sorry for the Radical who cannot discern the poetic passion in "The Flag of England" or "The Ballad of East and West." Yet Kipling's most treasurable poems, gay or serious, lively or profound, are untouched and untroubled by politics. If he had written less—had his output, for instance, been as scanty as Mr. A. E. Housman's—there would no doubt be a cult of Kipling as devout as that which admires the exquisite numbers of "The Shropshire Lad." With Kipling, to return to my drawing-room metaphor, one has to seek out the little quiet things which we love purely for their beauty: and when we find them, what refreshment they bring:

"Take of English flowers these—
Spring's full-faced primroses,
Summer's wild, wide-hearted rose,
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,
And, thy darkness to illume,
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide.
For these simples, used aright,
Can restore a failing sight."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Rudyard Kipling.**

I am not one who thinks ill of the poems which we consider more characteristically Kipling: but for those who dislike his rhetoric, his emphasis, his drumming, unrelenting rhythms and insistent tunes, there are many quiet closes in which he will pick you flowers as fragrant as any in other anthologies. And looking through this vast collection, I am struck again by his firm place in the old English tradition, a place long ago recognised by Tennyson. In spite of his variety and occasional eccentricity, Kipling is more definitely classical than any living poet of equal rank except the Poet Laureate. How deep that classical tradition is in him and how much it means was shown in the "Epitaphs," when he wedded a superb reticence with a high emotion as they have not been wedded since Landor wrote. We must not forget that the poet who wrote "The Lesson" and "The Absent-Minded Beggar" also wrote "The Coward":

"I could not look on Death, which being known,
Then led me to him, blindfold and alone."

And that other, even more heartbreaking, which could have come from no man except the author of "They" and "Wee Willie Winkie":

"On the first hour of my first day
In the front trench I fell.
(Children in boxes at a play
Stand up to watch it well.)"

CHILDREN IN ENGLISH POETRY.

By Gilbert Thomas.

ONE of the most hopeful features of our time is the revolution that is taking place in education. It is true that the revolution does not move so quickly as some of us would like to see it. Still, "it moves"; and it is possible that in fifty years' time much that is still too generally prevalent in the training of the young, such as mass "cramming" in schools and repressive discipline, will be looked back upon with as much horror as we now regard the days when children of tender years were sent to break their bodies and hearts in the coal mines. We have still a long way to go before we gain an adequate insight into the little folk who live in so wonderful a fairyland of their own—before we properly appreciate their immense and infinitely varied potentialities. But we may well gain confidence by realising how far along that way we have already travelled, and we can hardly gauge that distance better than by turning the pages of "A Book of English Verse on Infancy and Childhood," edited by Mr. L. S. Wood and recently published in Messrs. Macmillan's Golden Treasury series. More vividly than all the textbooks of the professional historians, this anthology of poems about children reveals the gradually broadening light of understanding that, through the centuries, has come to shine upon the lives of the small people.

The earliest child poem in the language dates from the fourteenth century, and is called "The Pearl." It describes how the poet, falling asleep from sorrow

upon the grave of his young daughter, " visits in dreams a strange country, where he meets a white-robed maiden, whom he eventually recognises as his Pearl." The great length of the poem and the difficulty of selection, however, excluded any portion of it from the anthology, which opens with the exquisite fifteenth-century carol :

" He came al so still,
There his mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

" He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

" He came al so still,
There his mother lay ;
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

" Mother and maiden,
Was never none but she ;
Well may such a lady
Goddes mother be."

The sweet simplicity and tenderness of expression which mark these verses are found in greater or less degree in most of the child poems of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries :

" Sleep, baby, sleep ! What ails my dear ?
What ails my darling thus to cry ?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep."

So sings George Wither, and a similar note, often combined with a strain of religious mysticism, recurs again and again in the poems of such men as John Skelton, Robert Greene, Thomas Dekker, William Drummond, Robert Herrick, and Richard Crawshaw. But, while these early singers of childhood make an irresistible appeal to us, we cannot overlook the fact that, in the light of modern standards, their tenderness and their mysticism are essentially sentimental, and therefore superficial. The tenderness is all in the melody, and it is significant that most of the child poems of the period are either lullabies or laments over children who have died. Of any genuine sympathy, of any comprehension of the thoughts and feelings of the normal, waking, rollicking youngster, there is hardly a trace in these songs. There is nothing that more surely betrays weakness than sentimentality, and these early child poems, with their pretty " conceits," would of themselves be evidence enough that children were neither understood nor greatly considered in the times when they were written. And such we know to have been the case. During this period, as Mr. Wood reminds us, were not boys and girls of seven to nine years " bound to hard service as apprentices in the houses of other people, whence they seldom returned " ?

It is surprising that Shakespeare, to whom the hearts of men and women are open books, has so little to contribute to the interpretation of childhood. It is not until we come to Henry Vaughan that we find a poet who has enough inner light to enable him in some measure, as he thinks of his early years, to :

" Travel back
And tread again that ancient track."

But if Vaughan recaptures something of the atmosphere of childhood, his contemporary, Thomas Traherne, does it far more successfully :

" Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen ;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white, and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great wonders clothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere ;
No joy to this !

* * * * *

" Proprieties themselves were mine
And hedges ornaments.
Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn :
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born."

There at last we have a real glimpse into the heaven that lies about us in our infancy.

Blake is the child poet of the eighteenth century, and it should be remembered to his greater credit that he wrote during the worst days of the Industrial Revolution, with its callous cruelty to children :

" Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land—
Babies reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand ?

* * * * *

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns :
It is eternal winter there."

After Blake come Lamb and Wordsworth. Few of us, probably, would dispute Mr. Wood's claim that Wordsworth is the Laureate of Childhood. Was it because he kept so close to the heart of Nature that he remained so near to the heart of the child ? Be that as it may, his multitudinous pages abound in true and simple pictures of children, and no poet more often or more faithfully brings back to us :

" The hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower "

that was ours before the " shades of the prison-house " closed upon us. And it is in Wordsworth that the sanctity and the deep spiritual significance of childhood, which only in our own day are beginning to receive something like general recognition, first find clear utterance :

" Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou blest philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by :
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height. . . ."

XUM

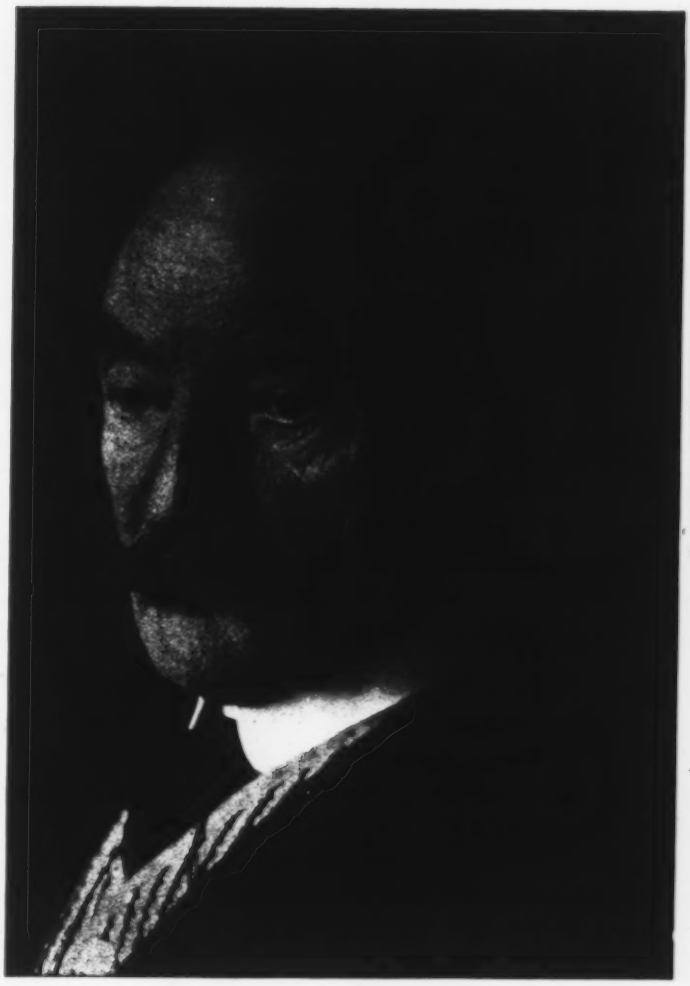

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

From a drawing by R. J. Swan.

MR. ALFRED NOYES.

From a drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

XUM

SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

But quotation is superfluous: has not every lover of children and of poetry this immortal Ode perpetually upon the lips of his heart?

From Wordsworth's day we have an ever increasing volume not only of beautiful, but of wise and penetrating verse about children—the most prominent names of the period being Landor, Keble, Barnes, Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Browning, Patmore, Stevenson, Swinburne, and Francis Thompson. Stevenson's child poems are among the first to appeal to children themselves as well as to their elders. "The Lamplighter" is certainly a poem for children, but equally surely Mr. Wood is right in including it in his anthology as a poem *about* children. Stevenson has had many disciples, and it may be expected that, in proportion as we approach yet more accurately to the heart of childhood, the type of child poem that pleases old and young alike will become more common.

Mr. Wood includes in his volume a fairly representative selection of contemporary verse. His choice will not please the fervent partisans of any one poetical camp, and obviously he has been prevented through lack of space from doing honour to many poems that deserve a place in his pages. It is not, however, to our present purpose to criticise his judgment. It is enough for us to rejoice in the fact that the poets of our own day are writing freely about children from many points of view, happily reflecting the still growing light of imaginative sympathy with which, to the quickening of our own souls no less than to the benefit of the small people themselves, we are learning to illuminate the cradle and the nursery.

THE GOLDEN BOOK.

By Harold Monro.

Mr. Harold Monro.

LET us suppose our Golden Treasury to be *the* Golden Book of English Poetry, an anthology chosen, and enlarged from time to time, by a body of elected persons, called either a Committee or a Jury, consisting of the wisest and most impartial human beings who, with a religious apprehension of their intellectual responsibility, and with their minds riveted to their enjoyable task, would spend their lives investigating poetry, and revising and adding to the Corpus, or Poetic Bible, with a discrimination that would be exact, and an imaginative power that would be able to adapt itself to the fluctuating mind of the race.

Our Committee should have access to all poetry that may appear in print. The nature of their charge would be such that they must be men of learning, and of impartial taste of the non-academic kind. They may be philosophers, psychologists, scientists, historians, or mere literary experts; but they must be what is known as "men of the world." Their intelligence must be able to grasp the human requirement, namely, that sagas, legends, war-songs, love-songs; wise, romantic or pathetic tales; proverbs, rumours and sayings, traditional or sentimental or personal, be preserved in their most appropriate, concentrated and enduring form for perpetual enjoyable repetition.

They would consist of seven persons. Gaps caused by resignation or death would immediately be filled by election (on what system I do not know). Their responsibility would keep them wise; for is it not a universal assumption that the most complete representation of the mind of every human race is contained in its poetry, which is therefore sacred, and should be passed on from generation to generation with a literary carefulness almost, if not quite, amounting to a holy care?

Probably the Golden Book would be kept up to date by the addition of an Appendix at the end of every decade, which would consist of poems selected, though not necessarily produced, during the ten preceding years. Let us hope that it would always have been, and would always remain, an anthology of *poems*, not of *poets*. I mean that no wise Jury would ever decide on the inclusion of any poems because their authors happened to be important men who had made names for themselves, and whose omission might be considered a social error; nor, indeed, because they were all acquainted with any given poet, and were afraid of hurting his feelings.

The decennial Addenda would no doubt provoke much controversy and jealousy. The successfulness of the Jury would depend in some degree on its method. Each member, I imagine, would make up his own provisional selection, consisting, however, of many more poems than he could hope to see embodied in the eventual Appendix. He could ponder on these until he felt his mind becoming quite clear, gradually adding or eliminating, and not forgetting that it has often taken a hundred years, or more, to decide the poetic value of a literary work. Exclusion might of course only mean postponement of decision for another ten years.

Meanwhile the private anthologist would continue his labours; but his selections are usually regulated by his idiosyncrasies, or he is influenced by his personal friendships, or dominated by commercial considerations.

Let us imagine our Jury to have brought the Golden Book up to the year 1850 (the death of Wordsworth), a date which marks the definite close of one of our greatest poetic periods. The controversial questions arising out of that period would mostly have been settled, and a certain mental readjustment will be necessary. Very difficult cases will soon be coming

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Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Laurence Binyon.**

under consideration; and there will be numerous temptations to resist. A new type of poetry is gaining rapid popularity: the school of artifice is winning its centennial victory over the school of nature. The appreciation of the Jury should be slow and late. They will be confronted with the new poems of Tennyson, besides Browning, the two Rossettis, and, far more difficult, Morris and Swinburne. But think of the difficulty of judging some of the minor poetry; the wisdom required, for instance, to recognise, at such close quarters, the humbug in Stevenson. There would be Coventry Patmore and Meredith. They would have to try to make up their minds about Sydney Dobell (a first class poet surely, with a third class literary reputation). And there would be such others as George Macdonald and William Allingham. It requires more than a single mind, even though it be that of a Palgrave, a Ward, or a Quiller-Couch, to arrive at the broad and fair solution of such diverse problems.

Our Jury, being in charge of the bible of the race, would hold itself apart from all social or literary controversy. It would have to think of all poetry as anonymous. Any members who found themselves becoming too conservative, or too liberal, or too patriotic, or merely too chatty, would make it their duty to resign.

Their ideal, I suppose, would be to collect such poems as they knew for sure to be definitely interpretative of the mind of the race in its successive stages, embodying and illustrating its customs and habits, and revealing its intellectual ideals and religious superstitions or beliefs. A right sense of humour should be one of the more important governing factors of their combined mentality.

The symposium which follows is, I understand, to deal chiefly with living poets. I propose to excuse myself the mention of individual names, confining myself to the conjecture that, if our imaginary Jury had completed a new Appendix at the end of the year 1920, it would have included about one hundred and thirty-five poems by about twenty-seven living poets.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. J. C. Squire.**

PROFESSOR OLIVER ELTON:

I can make no horoscope for the living, and can only offer guesses as to the dead; nor have I troubled you with an anthology of poems. The list I send is not meant to be exclusive; but it enumerates some of the poets who in my belief ought to figure in a good anthology of the year 1970. I take 1900 (about) for a limiting date.

W. Allingham
M. Arnold
W. Barnes
The Brownings
J. Clare
A. H. Clough
W. Cory
R. W. Dixon
A. Dobson
E. Dowson
S. Dobell
Sir S. Ferguson
E. FitzGerald
Gordon Hake
W. E. Henley
J. Ingelow
C. Kingsley
H. Kingsley
W. S. Landor
F. Locker-Lampson
Sir A. Lyall
J. C. Mangan
P. B. Marston
G. Meredith
W. Morris
J. H. Newman
Roden Noel
A. O'Shaughnessy
C. Patmore
T. L. Peacock
C. G. Rossetti
D. G. Rossetti
Alex. Smith
A. C. Swinburne
R. L. Stevenson
Lord De Tabley

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Masefield.**

A. Tennyson
C. Tennyson-Turner
W. M. Thackeray
J. Thomson
Margaret Veley

O. ELTON.

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE:

I think that Miss Charlotte Mew should be represented in any future anthology. Her poems possess passion, restraint and originality to a high degree, and are, in my opinion, the most interesting verse ever written by a woman. I would specially include "The Farmer's Bride," "The Quiet House" and "Madeleine In Church."

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

G. K. CHESTERTON:

I scarcely remember the titles of any poems, but there are several which have caught my fancy, and which I think deserve to be better known, but I can only remember them by their first lines. One worthy of mention, I think, is Mr. J. C. Squire's, beginning: "The dead man's dead, the live man's sad." Then there is one of Mr. Noyes's about King Solomon and his ships, and an absolutely perfect poem, I think, by Mr. de la Mare, "Here lies a most beautiful lady." I consider also that the whole of Mr. Yeats and the whole of Mr. Belloc should be included.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE
"BOOKMAN" XMAS NO.

I.*

P.T.O.

XUM

Isn't it better to get your printing done by a firm who have been established for more than a century, who make a special feature of printing for publishers, who notwithstanding their being old-established have two of the best-equipped and most modern factories in the country? . . . . . .

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SIEGFRIED SASSOON:

A lyrical poem by a living author, to be added to the Golden Treasury of English Poetry—"When I set out for Lyonesse," by Thomas Hardy.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

THOMAS MOULT:

Many are the names that have burned their golden ways into the scroll of Englisn poetry since Francis Palgrave closed his Golden Treasury, and it is reasonable to suppose that many at the present moment are burning them equally golden. But our judgment is so enfeebled when we attempt comparative estimates of the writings of our own time that we are unable to decipher these later names with anything like the confidence which is ours as we survey the glorious list down to Swinburne, and even past him, to Francis Thompson (with his "Ode to the Setting Sun" and "The Hound of Heaven"), Stevenson (with the "Requiem" and little else), Oscar Wilde (though which of Wilde's poetry is worthy of his name it is still uncannily difficult to say), John Davidson ("Ballad of the Nun" and a short lyric, perhaps "Serenade"), Richard Middleton ("The Glad Nights of Spring" and "Lullaby"), and Stephen Phillips, with a fragment or two from his earlier plays. It is when we come to the poets still living that our task takes on a greater interest, for it is not so much a transcription as a speculation. Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, William Watson—these names are plain enough; as plain, indeed, as Swinburne's and Thompson's; so are Mrs. Meynell's, Mr. Chesterton's, and Mr. Sturge Moore's. But for the rest . . . well, some may regard them as purely and rashly speculative. And yet for my part I believe that we shall find the names of Mr. Masefield and "The Everlasting Mercy," Mr. W. H. Davies and half a dozen lyrics ("The Moon," "A Great Time," "On Hearing Mrs. Woodhouse at the Harpsichord," and three others), Mr. de la Mare ("The Listeners," "Arabia," "The Three Cherry Trees" and "An Epitaph"), and Mr. Ralph Hodgson with that unforgettable "Eve." And speculation, that ends for me with these four "Georgians," may be additionally cheerful or gloomy, according to the way we view these things, by the doubt lest certain other names, glamorous to-day, will be found to have burned their way into that scroll at all!

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Thomas Moult.**

THOMAS MOULT.

PROFESSOR HUGH WALKER:

As I have not to bear the responsibility of editing an anthology of poetry subsequent to Wordsworth, but am asked merely to make a few suggestions, I shall pass over almost completely those poets of the past whose place on Parnassus may be taken to be fully assured. With regard to them there is just one remark I wish to make. If I were editing such an anthology, in my selections from Swinburne I should try to find room for one or other of the two great Jacobite poems—"A Jacobite's Farewell" and "A Jacobite's Exile"; because they are supreme of their kind, and they illustrate a phase of Swinburne's genius which is far less familiar than that which we see in, say, the choruses of "Atalanta."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Walter de la Mare.**

Swinburne's two poems bring to mind a third, the "Jacobite's Epitaph," for the sake of which I think Macaulay deserves to be admitted of the company. It would be indeed an exacting standard that should reject Landor's "Rose Aylmer" and "I strive with none." I think Noel Paton should be included for the sake of "There is a wail in the wind to-night," and Ernest Myers for the noble sonnet, "Achilles." From John Clare I should select "Last Lines"; from Beddoes, "Dream-Pedlary"; from Sydney Dobell, "Keith of Ravelston"; from William Cory, "Heraclitus" and "Mimnermus"; from George Meredith, "The Lark Ascending" and "Lucifer in Starlight"; from Lord de Tabley, "Misrepresentation"; from R. L. Stevenson, "Requiem" and "To S. R. Crockett"; from Francis Thompson, "The Hound of Heaven," "All Flesh" and "Daisy." Among the women should be included not only Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning, but Emily Brontë. My selection from her small handful of noble poems would be "Often Rebuked" and "No Coward Soul." But I would include also Augusta Webster, who probably of all the poetesses is the least adequately appreciated. Her "Love's Mourner" (from "Mother and Daughter") is worthy to rank with all but the very greatest of English sonnets.

Though Rupert Brooke is no longer alive his place is really with the poets of the present day. From him I should select the familiar sonnet, "The Soldier," and perhaps "Grantchester"; from Drinkwater, "The Dead Critic" and "The Vagabond"; from Masefield, "To His Mother"; from Alice Meynell, "The Shepherdess"; from Newbolt, "The Vigil"; and from Gilbert Frankau, "The Inn of a Thousand

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir Henry Newbolt.**

Miss Charlotte Mew.
Photo by Basil.

Dreams." Kipling must of course be represented, and I think "Recessional," "The Flowers" and "Mandalay" would illustrate well three widely different phases of his genius. It would be unpardonable to omit Roger Quinn's great sonnet, "To a Skylark Singing Above Barnhill Poorhouse," though I know nothing he has written except this solitary specimen in the "Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse." And there are a few pieces printed from time to time in the course of the war, the loss of which would leave us appreciably poorer. I know of nothing finer in this class than Canon F. G. Scott's "Requiescant" (*The Times*, June 19th, 1915). But for one or two phrases which are rhetorical rather than poetic, the same writer's "On the Rue du Bois" (*The Times*, April 21st, 1915) would be of equal merit.

I do not think H. M. Vaughan's "Sonnets of Italy, and Other Poems" is widely known, and from that small volume should be culled "The Merciful Knight." "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," by Chamelion (privately printed), contains a majestic piece on "Death." "All Souls' Eve," by Michael Barrington, an exquisite translation of a Highland lament, is quoted in Miss E. M. Tenison's "Alastair Gordon." And finally, as Lovelace's "To Lucasta" holds an honoured place in the original Golden Treasury, "From Lucasta," by Mrs. K. Mann ("Old Songs of the Elizabethans, with New Songs in Reply") ought to appear in the new Golden Treasury. Darley caught the tone once, and has been justly praised for it. What is due to Mrs. Mann, who has done it a score of times?

Such, Sir, are my suggestions towards a Golden Treasury of recent poets.

HUGH WALKER.

MURIEL STUART:

The following poems, quoted at random, and mostly from memory, I consider should be included in any further edition of the Golden Treasury.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Francis Thompson. "The Mistress of Vision," "The Hound of Heaven," "The Poppy," "To a Snowdrop," "Dream Tryst."
Swinburne. "The Leper," "The Triumph of Time," "Hymn to Proserpine," "Ave atque Vale."
Rossetti. "The Portrait," "Sister Helen."
Christina Rossetti. "Remember," "Goblin Market."
Emily Brontë. "Last Lines," "The Prisoner," "The Linnet in the Rocky Dells."
T. E. Browne. "Mater Dolorosa," "My Garden," "The Well," "Vespers," "The Bristol Channel."
George Meredith. "Theodolinda," "Love in the Valley," "We Saw the Swallows Gathering in the Sky."
Wm. Watson. "In Laleham Churchyard," "Autumn," "Estrangement."
Wm. Blake. "The Tiger."
Wm. Morris. "The Defence of Guenevere."
Stephen Phillips. "Marpessa."
John Davidson. "The Ballad of a Nun," "In Romney Marsh."
Wm. Henley. "Out of the Night that Covers Me," "To M. E. H.," "Margaritæ Sorori."
R. L. Stevenson. "Requiem," "I Will Make you Brooches," "To S. R. Crockett."
Thomas Hardy. "Hap," "The Ballad Singer," "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations,'" "The End of the Episode."
Ernest Dowson. "Cynara."
Robert Bridges. "On a Dead Child," "My Delight is Thy Delight," "Elegy on a Lady."
W. B. Yeats. "Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven," "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," "Rose of the World."
Alice Meynell. "A Girl to Her Own Old Age," "Renouncement," "To a Daisy," "To the Beloved."
Margaret L. Woods. "Gaudeamus Igitua."

Photo by Central News. **Mr. G. K. Chesterton.**

MURIEL STUART.

GERALD GOULD:

In answer to your invitation to suggest what poets and poems should be added to the Golden Treasury, I would suggest of the recently dead the following. (I mention particular poems only where I think my choice might probably differ from that of most anthologists):

Rupert Brooke
John Davidson ("Ballad of Hell")
J. E. Flecker
George Meredith (Extracts from "Modern Love")
Wilfred Owen
R. L. Stevenson ("A Visit from the Sea")
Edward Thomas
Francis Thompson.

From a Painting by N. M. PRICE.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK
(SIR WALTER SCOTT).
"Pibroch of Donuil Dhu."

XUM

From a Painting by W. J. NEATBY.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE (KEATS).
"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains."

From a Painting by LEWIS BAUMER.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

W. Wordsworth.

XUM

From a Painting by E. WALLCOUSINS.
From "THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH POETRY"
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING (HERRICK).
"Bid me to live and I will live."

Miss Muriel Stuart.

Photo by Kathleen Murray.

Of the living:

Lascelles Abercrombie
Hilaire Belloc
Laurence Binyon
Edmund Blunden
Gordon Bottomley
Robert Bridges
G. K. Chesterton (Extracts from "The Ballad of the White Horse")
Padraic Colum
W. H. Davies
John Drinkwater
W. W. Gibson
Robert Graves
Thomas Hardy
Ralph Hodgson
A. E. Housman
F. M. Hueffer ("Up Hampstead Way")
Rudyard Kipling ("Song of Diego Valdez")
Rose Macaulay
John Masefield ("Biography" and extracts from "Reynard the Fox")
Walter de la Mare
Charlotte Mew
Alice Meynell
Harold Monro
Henry Newbolt
Max Plowman
Siegfried Sassoon
J. C. Squire ("To a Bulldog")
James Stephens
Herbert Trench
W. J. Turner
William Watson
W. B. Yeats.

The majority of these names will, I think, command such general assent that comment would be waste of your space; but I should like to insist on my belief that almost any poem from Miss Charlotte Mew's small collection would be worthy of a place in almost any anthology.

The limitation of your question to one or two poems for each poet makes a difficulty in the case of so rich a field as the poems of Mr. de la Mare or Mr. Hodgson. I suppose the general choice from Mr. Hodgson would be "The Song of Honour" and "The Bull," but personally I think no anthology would be complete without his little "Stupidity Street."

I don't know whether you would allow extracts from long poems. I hope so, because Mr. Chesterton, for instance, is so much at his best in his longest poems.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.

From a portrait by Sir W. B. Richmond.

An objection might be raised to the length of my list on the ground that it would overweight the Golden Treasury with poems of this period as against those of former periods even richer in poetry. But to that I think there are two answers. In the first place, contemporary poetry, on which posterity has not yet had a chance of passing judgment, has always a special interest, and in judging it too narrowly we cannot be sure that we are not missing beauties which will be apparent to future generations. It is better to cast our net too wide than not to cast it wide enough.

Secondly, it is a characteristic of the present generation to produce a great number of poems which, though not equal to the greatest masterpieces of the past, are certainly better than the second-rate poems of the past. An anthology which admits Thomas Campbell could not reasonably refuse admission to much less gifted poets than any of those I have mentioned.

I am conscious too that my list has one or two conspicuous omissions. But this means rather that I am not sufficiently familiar with the work of the poets in question to advocate their inclusion than that I should wish to pass a hostile verdict on them.

GERALD GOULD.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I

THERE can be no worse introduction to Flaubert's genius than "Madame Bovary," which is perhaps his greatest work. By a series of accidents, accidents of time, of temper and of mere circumstance, "Madame Bovary" is still one of the most difficult novels in the world to judge simply, and on its own merits. We know so much of the great Norman's seven years of industry, too much of the scandal and success at the book's first publication, too much of Flaubert's own theories of craft which are so easy to confuse with others' theories of art. If you begin your reading of Flaubert with that great novel you will be in danger of regarding him as a realist, as the greatest member of that school of which Zola was the most formidable. That there is a realism in Flaubert is obvious enough; but if you would know its true nature you will approach his work either through the great gates of Carthage to watch the passion of Salammbô, or by that desert of horror and agony where St. Anthony was tempted. To read "Madame Bovary" first is to give the mind a bias from which it is quite unlikely to recover, and that bias will either make you put Flaubert too low or "Madame Bovary" too high.

There can be no novelists, there are few authors, who have so undisputed a position as Flaubert on so exiguous an output. He was writing for thirty years and he only published five novels, a book of three short stories and a play. In which of these does one find Flaubert at

his most representative? All have the mark of indefatigable honesty, of acute sense of style, of keen judgment of character; but Flaubert was far more than a stylist and an analyst. He was a man for whom ecstasy in control was the sign of life, just as for Dostoevsky, his contemporary, the promise of fuller life was ecstasy uncontrolled. Where Flaubert is far greater than any of his contemporaries in the Naturalistic movement is precisely in this sense of ecstasy which for him was often symbolised in the discovery of the right word, the necessary epithet, the unforeseen significance. If one seeks the more essential Flaubert one may immediately dismiss "Le Candidat," his play, and "Bouvard et Pécanchet," the novel of his failing years, and "Madame Bovary," because it is too bound up with the movement of which it became the manifesto. There are left then "Salammbô," "Le Tentation de St. Antoine," "Trois Contes," and "L'Education Sentimentale." The three tales, beautiful as they are—"Un Coeur Simple" has something of the serenity of "Silas Marner" and is far more effective in composition—do not form the best introduction to Flaubert. The Temptation of St. Anthony is on a different plane. It was the first thing of Flaubert's I read, and I would not quarrel with anyone who argued that it should be the first. If anyone does begin with it he will never be able to believe that Flaubert was a dutiful realist whose main interest was in his provincial Normandy, and in a woman who is, with Hedda Gabler, the supreme proof that a quite worthless life can be turned to beauty and wonder. Yet the remote atmosphere of the St. Anthony, its absorption in those strange times when early Christianity was meeting and slowly vanquishing the obscene cults of the desert, remnants of pagan worship, memories of ancient and terrible rites by the Nile—render it a book which needs almost special study properly to understand. It is worth remembering that Flaubert began this book when he was still occupied with "Madame Bovary." I can see in its wilder pages, in its hot colours, its passionate and arid sensuality, a reaction from the deliberate commonplace of the Norman bourgeoisie. Flaubert, too, in this one book only was mastered by his material. He evoked powers which were too great for him: beginning the book in a mood of pure fantasy, he gradually gets possessed, as does the reader, by the real magic, black and white, of it; and as a spiritualist who resorts to fraud, he is overwhelmed by the arrival of genuine phenomena. "L'Education Sentimentale," the greatest analytic novel in the world, is unsuited as an introduction for that very reason. The great traditional novels keep analysis implicit. The more elaborate problems are worked out in the author's study, and he gives us the results as Flaubert did in his other work, as Tchehov does so amazingly in story after story in which one tell-tale moment reveals a character. The book of Flaubert's which should be read first is "Salammbô," the great novel in which, from the hints of antiquarians and the impress on his own mind of the ruined and desolate places, he has recreated for us the civilisation of a forgotten and conquered empire.

Gustave Flaubert.
From the portrait by Paul Baudanin, in the Municipal Library at Rouen.

II

Two criticisms are generally brought against "Salammbô's" claim to be a great novel. One is generic. A school of criticism, very fashionable twenty years ago or so, was fond of denouncing all historical novels as such. Mr. Arthur Symons once put the objection thus:

> "We are at best only half conscious of the reality of the things about us, only able to translate them approximately into any form of art. How much is left over, in the closest transcription of a mere line of houses in a street, of a passing steamer, of one's next-door neighbour, of the point of view of a foreigner looking along Piccadilly, of one's own state of mind, moment by moment, as one walks from Oxford Circus to the Marble Arch? Think, then, of the attempt to reconstruct no matter what period of the past, to distinguish the difference in the aspect of a world perhaps bossed with castles and ridged with ramparts, to two individualities encased in chain-armour!"

There is a double fallacy in this criticism. First, all literary art is based on the assumption that our judgment, our æsthetic vision of other people, has a certain validity: and no one would ever claim absolute validity. Secondly, there is no reason why a great artist, who studies the period, should not write a far more truthful novel about Julius Cæsar, or Solomon, or Queen Elizabeth, than about William Montgomery of Glenlivet, North Finchley. Indeed, in a sense, all fiction is historical fiction, and the novelist who chooses for his characters personages about whom there is already in existence a large body of criticism and appreciation has the advantage which so often accrues to an indirect method of approach. Then it has been complained of "Salammbô" that the figure of the heroine is insufficiently individualised, that she passes through the amazing scenes, painted and hieratic, like a figure in some ancient tapestry. Flaubert himself said that "the pedestal was too large for the statue." No doubt there is something in this; but I am not sure that it would be felt by a reader who read the book without thinking of Salammbô herself as the chief figure. That privilege

really belongs to Matho, the maddened lover who rushes through the story, inhumanly if you will, but with an inhumanity of visitation, a portent of the fierce worship of Ashtaroth in the hearts of savage people. "Salammbô" has all the realism, all the devoted method of "Madame Bovary," and something which, though present in "Madame Bovary," is less in evidence. It is a quality difficult to state. Much good literature—nearly all French and English eighteenth century literature, for instance, except a little of Swift—is without it. It is a quality more spiritual than emotional, and it may be evil as well as good. It has been called, by Mr. Machen in "Hieroglyphics," Ecstasy; and I do not know that anyone has invented a better word for it. It is that in literature and art which removes them from the ordinary activities of life, which insists, by statement or assumption, on the facts of man's capacity for living elsewhere than in time and space. It is even more than that. At its highest—in "King Lear," in some of Blake's songs, in "The Ring and the Book," in Ibsen's greater plays, it is an insistence that man never really lives except when he is lifted above the things of this world. It is, in brief, the sacramental aspect of art, the symbolic content, and it is more easily perceived in "Salammbô" than in any other of Flaubert's books. It is not often explicit; but there is one sentence which conveys this symbolic significance with curious force. In the last chapter Salammbô is watching the approach of Matho after he has been flogged through the city:

"With the first step he had taken she had risen to her feet; then, as he gradually drew near, she had little by little involuntarily approached the edge of the terrace; soon all outward things became blotted out, and she had eyes only for Matho. A silence had descended upon her soul—one of those unfathomable depths in which the whole world vanishes beneath the weight of a single thought, a memory, a look."

Flaubert's Study at Croisset, near Rouen.

From a drawing by Lecomte.

III

"The whole world vanishes"—that is the sentence which it is profitable to remember when one reads "Madame Bovary" and "L'Education Sentimentale." They are books, to all outward appearance, terribly preoccupied with the world. As I read again those early chapters of "Madame Bovary" which relate so methodically the drab provincial life of Normandy, the daily routine of Charles Bovary's round, the extreme earthiness of the human animal almost overwhelmed me. In all that opening for Emma's appearance, Flaubert may seem to forget that there are always moments when the world vanishes. Yet it is precisely what "Madame Bovary" shows no less than "Salammbô," no less than the St. Anthony. For it is the peculiar triumph of Flaubert's first novel that it, by sheer alchemy, finds beauty and something eternal in the third-rate selfish, sensual, provincial woman. Wherein it lies, it is hard to say, as in the case of Hedda Gabler. Is it in the mere dissatisfaction with life—a dissatisfaction which, however ignoble, is yet a remote relative of the hunger and thirst of the saintly? Is it in the desire, however shallow, for some beauty which cannot be described, some standard which cannot be measured in money or success? Or is it merely in the sheer humanity of this derelict soul, whose very passion is a *pastiche*, whose very sentiment is pinchbeck and unreal? Whatever it be, it is there. I defy anyone of imaginative sensibility to read "Madame Bovary" and not admit, as he must admit in reading "Hedda Gabler," that there is sorrow and sympathy in his heart, not contempt or misanthropy. That sorrow is phrased beautifully and tenderly in the Trois Contes, as it is proclaimed rhythmically and sonorously in the novel of Carthage and the great monodrama of the desert. And in "L'Education Sentimentale" it is analysed with a sureness, a swiftness of reaction to the niceties of the modern phases of accidie, which has never been excelled, not even by the great Russians. Frédéric is not a magnificent hero: his loves are as pitiful as hate, but in the acute and unrelenting analysis of his life Flaubert has exposed once more the common humanity of us all. Some will always prefer more full-blooded novels, an art more careless than Flaubert's; but the most critical can admire the consummate skill with which, alone among the perfect craftsmen of fiction (and are there more than three?), Flaubert never forgets that there was something which his art could not render, that there come moments when "the whole world vanishes beneath the weight of a single thought, a memory, a look."

XUM

A CHRISTMAS BUDGET.

By Katharine Tynan.

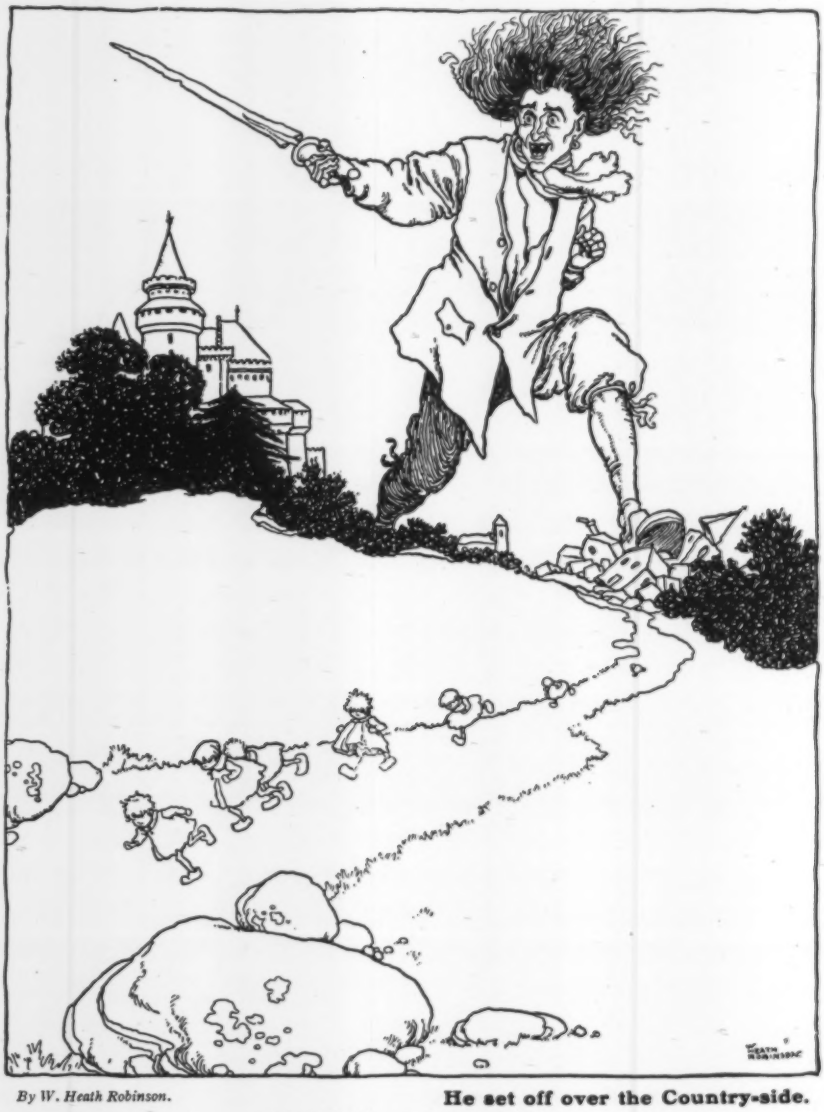
NOT such a Budget as that with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer distresses your parents, dear children, but a budget of honest delight, a pedlar's pack of dreams and adventures to sell and to be bought.

First, since old friends are best, here is Perrault, the French peer of Grimm and Andersen, with the delightful Fairy Tales[1] that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Long, long after we have embarked on the last adventure of all, golden boys and girls will be drooping their heads and curls over that benefactor of the young, Maître Charles Perrault, who gave us "Cinderella," "Puss In Boots," "Blue Beard," "Red Riding Hood" and all the immortals. This beautiful edition, edited by that whimsical prince of fantasy who has himself travelled in realms of fairyland, Mr. W. Heath Robinson, has given what he has seen so that the Fairy Tales may be more fully realised. To praise Perrault at this day would be to paint the lily. Suffice it to say that here are the beloved things offered in a golden casket. In addition to Perrault there are here Madame Leprince de Beaumont's "Beauty and the Beast," with a couple of tales from that other fairy godmother, Madame D'Aulnoy. There will not be a better book this Christmas nor many Christmases.

"The Empire Annual for Girls"[2] is one of those big Annuals which extort praise, while a professional writer feels that she and her writing brothers and sisters are rather heavily handicapped by such an amount of things that girls want to know, gathered together and presented to them at a most moderate price. I have actually known a grown-up girl, who is writing and publishing stories herself, take this book to bed with her and lie awake to read it. The stories are good and not namby-pamby. These Annuals seem to be edited by very capable people. The names of the writers are doubtless as old friends to the girls who will read this Annual. The quality of their stories is generally so good that many of them will doubtless be known in time to a grown-up public as well.

"The Green-Faced Toad, and Other Stories"[3] assure one that others beside the immortal ones have been to fairyland and have come back again. It is not quite the same atmosphere as that of the great wizards. There is a little flavour of modernity, a certain laughter on the part of the author which *they* never allowed themselves to indulge in, for they were wide-eyed children themselves. But Mrs. Birch's whimsicality is in the picture and never descends to the fooling which disturbs and offends the grave-eyed children. Lois Lenski's illustrations are most ingenious, quite in the atmosphere of fairyland and of a quick imaginativeness.

"Old English Nursery Songs"[4] will bring a Merry Christmas when it comes. Here are all the



By W. Heath Robinson. **He set off over the Country-side.**

From "Old Time Stories" (Constable).

[1] "Old Time Stories." By Charles Perrault. Translated by A. E. Johnson. 15s. (Constable.)

[2] "The Empire Annual for Girls." (Religious Tract Society.)

[3] "The Green-Faced Toad." By Vera B. Birch. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. (The Bodley Head.)

[4] "Old English Nursery Songs." 8s. 6d. (Harrap.)

From "THE HILLS OF RUEL AND OTHER STORIES."
By FIONA MACLEOD.
Illustrated by M. H. LAWRENCE
(Heinemann).

THE TEMPTING OF ANNE.

old beloved rhymes, from "Hey-Diddle-Diddle" to "I Saw Three Ships," thirty-seven of them in all, with a special musical setting by Horace Mansion and beautiful pictures by Anne Anderson. It will be the very thing for Christmas festivities. Miss Anderson's delightful title page of a ring of children moving to these rhymes is a sage and happy anticipation. There is no reason why the book should not go to grown-ups as well—to choral societies and village glee-clubs and all such honest lovers of music and that first of instruments, the human voice.

"William had no idea how you picked cabbage leaves with a trowel."

From "The Peek-a-Boo Gardeners" (Oxford University Press).

"The Peek-a-Boo Annual"[5] is for the littlest ones, as its name indicates. It is written and illustrated by Miss Chloë Preston, the pictures very American in the immortal Buster Brown manner. Herein shall large-eyed babes discover the adventures of other large-eyed babes and their large-eyed dogs, all of an irresistible comicality. This will be a book for grannies and godmothers to give to those whose little feet are not yet over the borders of the Kingdom of Seven Years Old and earlier.

[5] "The Peek-a-Boo Annual." By Chloë Preston. 6s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

"The old man slammed the door."

From "The Last of the Baron" (Oxford University Press).

"Peggy and the Giant's Aunt"[6] follows the somewhat familiar lines of the Child who slips away from the Nursery on a witch's broomstick or something else, and has the most wonderful adventures in the strange lands over the mountains and under the sea before finding himself or herself back in the nursery cot. It is a story that never palls, for it is in the line of the stories the children make for themselves. Miss Hillyard has told her tale with freshness and vivacity, and it will give much happiness to the child who receives it. The illustrations are very quaint and amusing.

"Eileen's Adventures in Wordland"[7] comes to us from America. I wonder if it is all that the publishers claim for it—"One of the rare childhood books which children steadily *grow up* to and *into*, because each year discovers a new interest and a deeper appeal." Well, I wonder! It is a quite ingenious tale of a little girl for whom the dictionary words come alive and make a fairy kingdom. The illustrations are adequate. Miss Zillah Macdonald's acknowledgments to the learned men who have helped her with the book suggest a deeper meaning than appears to the reviewer. Perhaps the child will discover it, and not discover a pernickety design to teach something, if the design is there.

"The Last of the Baron"[8] is the story of two boys who lived in the time when London was a little town. Tom and Gerald have a great many thrilling adventures, but there seems a certain humorous intent on the part of the writer, as though he was travestying some old

[6] "Peggy and the Giant's Aunt." By M. D. Hillyard. 3s. 6d. (Black.)

[7] "Eileen's Adventures in Wordland." By Zillah Macdonald. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes.)

[8] "The Last of the Baron." By E. A. Dyke-Smith. 5s. (Milford.)

bombastic romance. Boys may enjoy this or they may not. I should think the former unlikely. If they want to read about knights and heroes they like them to have no shadow of ridicule. Not every man is a Cervantes and not every knight can emerge more knightly from being laughed at. The illustrations by George Morrow are very good.

"A Child's Chaplet of Stories, Retold from the Greek Mythology"[1] will appeal to the imaginative boy and girl and will make them want to read the classics for themselves. The book has educational value as well, but there is no need to wrap up these splendid stories in a sugar-coating of make-believe, for the stories themselves are the sugar and the honey, and they will be sweet on the palate. These great stories cannot be told too often, and here they are well and simply told by an anonymous story-teller.

[1] "A Child's Chaplet of Stories, Retold from the Greek Mythology." 5s. (Milford.)

New Books.

MATTHEW PRIOR.*

Mr. Wickham Legg has made an exhaustive examination of such sources, both printed and in manuscript, as were likely to yield information on his chosen subject; he has prosecuted his researches not only in England, but in Paris and at The Hague; and the result of his labours is a book which is at once an interesting study of Prior's public career—a career, by the way, which was often the reverse of public—and a valuable contribution to English diplomatic history, especially in connection with the tortuous proceedings which resulted in the Treaty of Utrecht. To say that he touches but lightly on those details of Prior's private life which may be gleaned from the delightful personalities wherewith Matt was wont to enliven even his letters on affairs of state—for my part, I hope that Mr. Wickham Legg considers this aspect of the matter to have been adequately dealt with elsewhere—and that he enters into no particular criticism of the poetry, though he justly emphasises the excellence of Prior's prose, whether in its epistolary or in its more formal manifestations, is no adverse criticism of his book; for to do so was not his purpose, which was rather to illustrate the diplomatic relations between France and England, in the reigns of William and Anne, from the career of one who played an important, if not a supremely important, part in shaping them.

Nevertheless it cannot be doubted that it was Mr. Wickham Legg's interest in Prior's character which prompted him to write the book he has written, and not the history of foreign affairs from Ryswick to Utrecht which he is obviously well qualified to write. And certainly that character is one of extraordinary interest. That a boy who was a peasant by birth (though he was actually born, as has now been conclusively proved, in London) and whose first profession was that of drawer in a tavern, should have risen to hob-nob with princes and to give his name to a treaty, implies remarkable qualities. The initial luck of his attracting Dorset's kindly notice must be granted, though had it not been for his native cleverness that piece of luck would not have befallen him; but thence onward his advancement was due to himself. All his life, it is true, he was helped by powerful friends; but there was no reason why they should have helped one who by his natural connections was so friendless and uninfluential had it not been for the intelligence and the personality which made him attractive and useful to them. That he never made himself absolutely essential to his masters renders his success only the more remarkable. He was no Wolsey—that other "honest poor man's son"—to grasp the reins of government. Favourably inclined to him as was King William, it was not worth his while to carry his favour to the point of thwarting Galway in the matter of the Irish secretaryship; nor were Bolingbroke and Oxford prepared to insist on their friend's inclusion among the signatories of the Treaty of Utrecht when the proud Lord Strafford refused to set his name beside that of the ex-potboy. Moreover, Prior was often kept in ignorance of the inner meaning of the negotiations in which he was an agent; it seems fairly certain that he knew little of Bolingbroke's dealings with the Pretender.

Yet in spite of this comparative lack of importance, the men in power constantly found it convenient to employ him in difficult and delicate work, when there must have been many sons of the great political houses whom it would have been in the order of the day to prefer to him. The chief reason for this was no doubt Prior's great cleverness, his supreme readiness of wit; but it is likely that a weighty secondary cause was his honesty. For in spite of the fierce invectives of Duchess Sarah, Prior would appear to have been an honest man. With the exception of Jersey, he was probably bound to none of his employers by stronger ties than those of interest and gratitude, but he served them faithfully. Mr. Wickham Legg rightly takes the view that his vote for the impeachment of the managers of the Second Partition Treaty was not an act of treachery. He had himself had a share in bringing that treaty into being, but, even if he disapproved of it, it was not his business, as a diplomatic underling, to take account of his own opinions. As a member of Parliament, on the other hand, that was precisely his business. What is more to the point, he had to choose between the King and his ministers, and he chose for the King. As is shown by the interesting letters to Portland in which he adumbrated the idea of a Patriot King, he was already three parts a Tory. His political philosophy perhaps did not go very deep, but it was inevitable that it should wear the Tory complexion. For Prior, it must not be forgotten, was an artist, and art in his day meant form rather than liberty. His spiritual affinity, moreover, was certainly more with Bolingbroke than with Halifax.

The force which shaped Prior's career, however, was something more material than a political ideal. Nor was it anything so lofty as ambition. Prior was a good deal of an hedonist and something of a snob. He loved creature comforts and the society of the well-born. One taste may have been partly due to, or at any rate developed by, his bad health; the other was a reaction from those humble early circumstances over which he was at such pains to draw a veil. But he also loved the diplomatic game for its own sake. It gave him obvious pleasure to hoodwink Villeroy or to fence with Torcy.

Mr. Wickham Legg is severe on Prior's moral character. It is an unkind suggestion that his cough was the result of intemperance. He was undoubtedly consumptive, but the origin of the disease is unknown and there is nothing to show that he drank more heavily than most of his contemporaries. As for his love affairs, Prior, as Pope said, was "not a right good man"; but it should be remembered that he had neither the wealth nor the personal attractiveness which might have found him, in spite of his birth, a wife in the class with which from boyhood he had been accustomed to associate, and he can hardly be blamed for not seeking a permanent, and from the point of view of his career disadvantageous, alliance in the class from which his talents had lifted him.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Matthew Prior: A Sketch of his Public Career and Correspondence." By L. G. Wickham Legg. 22s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

STEPHEN McKENNA MEMORIES.*

In taking "While I Remember" as a title for his studies of men and manners of the last dozen years, Mr. Stephen McKenna unconsciously but inevitably holds out a prospect to his readers of something personal and autobiographical. Disappointment awaits them. The only passages of autobiography are contained in a page or two describing his experiences as a schoolmaster at Westminster, in another page—a most delightful one—describing his relations with the head of the Intelligence Section in the War Trade Department, and in a line here and there of his diary of the doings of the Balfour mission to the United States. Mr. McKenna prides himself on setting down his memories without the introduction of the personalities, which give piquancy to an autobiography, but which he wholeheartedly condemns. It is open to question whether such personalities are more deplorable than a stream of unlimited invective poured on Cabinet Ministers.

From his vantage point of thirty-three years, and with all the brilliant rapier play to be expected from the author of "Sonia," Mr. McKenna as a good Liberal attacks Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition Government in half a hundred pages. Carried away by the exuberance of the fray he occasionally contradicts himself. In one of his most brilliant efforts he declares that their "frightfulness" in Belgium and France "makes the name of a German stink": "Germany must remain branded with the mark of bestiality," and the ex-Kaiser must be hanged: the fear of making him popular by martyrdom is groundless. Yet when the Premier adopts this view he is severely and satirically informed that thirteen years' tenure of office ought to have told him that the ex-Kaiser's asylum in Holland cannot be disturbed. Again we are instructed that by the peace terms Turkey "is first vilified and then skinned alive." Later on we learn that she is "established in Constantinople with licence to misgovern and to massacre as freely as in the past." The two pictures are not wholly inconsistent, but their conjunction is somewhat unusual.

Mr. Stephen McKenna.
From a drawing by R. J. Swan.

In justice to Mr. McKenna it must be said that, loyal Liberal as he is, Mr. Asquith is arraigned by him wellnigh as fiercely as his political opponent. In fact here again his fierceness sometimes carries the critic off his legs. "Mr. Asquith's friends began to wonder whether the highest statesmanship consisted in overcoming one crisis by creating another, by exchanging an Irish crisis for a European crisis." Heretofore such charges have been made in Germany alone.

Other men of renown suffer from this master of satire—Bishop Furze with his opinions on the supply of shells, and Mr. Birrell, "too busily engaged in concealing his defects as an administrator under his brilliance as an epigrammatist," but the worst fate is reserved for the judge in a famous trial, whose conduct is viewed "with less disgust than pity."

Fortunately there are two Mr. McKennas, and nothing could exceed the charm and humour and delicacy of the greeting sent to his old pupils at Westminster:

> "Sometimes I blush to recall the lessons that I taught. . . . My incompetence was incurable. . . . I should be well pleased to think that your memories of me are a hundredth part as kindly as my memories of you. . . . Does it comfort you to know that my awe of you continued for three terms? If ever the prayer-bell had not rung before I showed that I could not solve some diabolical equation! If you could have seen into my mind during the first week, when I ranged you in alphabetical order and guided myself despairingly by the two red-heads in the form!"

The whole description of Westminster deserves to become a classic. Almost equally good is the impressionist sketch of life at Oxford in "The House," the joyous sense of possession when a freshman enters into occupation of his own rooms:

> "Though the carpet were threadbare and the curtains dingy, though sofa and chairs needed recovering, and the meagre blankets on one bed bore the name of 'Arthur Bourchier' and a date four years before the new owner was born."

The author goes on to dwell fondly on the mystery of a scout's digestion, with its power of assimilating all sorts of scraps and remains, including dressed-crab and "unmortised halves of meringues." In the third fragment of autobiography, the diary kept during the Balfour mission to America, mention is made of the fact, which reflects credit on the German intelligence service, that the night the mission was due to sail "every British west-coast port was carefully mined."

We get into near touch with the origins of "Sonia," when the author dilates on the changes in London society during this period, on the disappearance of the old barriers of good breeding and decency, "the abrogation of all moral standards," culminating in the "orgy" of 1918. But the wisest as well as the wittiest part of the book is devoted to the theme of modern literature. The leading characteristics of the foremost writers are touched off in a few words with the insight of the expert, and the most pointed shafts of ridicule wing their way towards celebrity hunters and those who "try to found a salon and only succeed in opening a restaurant."

W. A. Fox.

* "While I Remember." By Stephen McKenna. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

A POET OF SCIENCE.*

The life of Jean-Henri Fabre, the great Provençal naturalist, provokes the familiar comment upon the stupidity of a society which ignores its finest and most highly gifted spirits while they are alive and raises monuments to them after they are dead. A few years before the war there was hardly an Englishman who had even heard of Fabre's name. In France, where his work was done and his books were published, he was permitted to languish in poverty and obscurity until he was worn with weight of years and labour. It was not indeed until 1910, when the great scientist was eighty-seven years of age, that any national appreciation was accorded by France to one of the most illustrious of her sons. In that year Fabre's "scientific jubilee" was held in the little village of Sérignan, and a great company of poets, scientists and philosophers came from every province of France to do homage to the man whose patient and inspired researches into the lives and habits of the insects had revealed wonders of nature hitherto unsuspected, had shaken the citadel of the great Darwin himself, and had entirely revolutionised the theory of instinct. The recognition, so far as any influence upon Fabre's work was concerned, came too late. His work was done, and the record of it set down in the ten volumes of his "Souvenirs Entomologiques," a work destined to immortality as surely as the "Origin of Species."

* "The Life of Jean-Henri Fabre." By the Abbé Augustin Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Souvenirs Entomologiques." Édition définitive Illustrée, Par J. H. Fabre. En onze volumes. (Paris: Librairie Delagrave.)—"The Works of J. H. Fabre." Translated by Teixeira de Mattos. Each volume 7s. 6d. net. (In progress.) (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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For over sixty years Fabre had struggled against difficulties that would have crushed a less indomitable spirit. Living and rearing his family on a pittance no greater than that of a worker in the fields, without scientific apparatus except such as he could construct himself from a few bits of wire gauze, flower-pots and wooden boxes, he yet achieved one of the greatest scientific conquests of our age, and his work, already the basis of one system of philosophy, may have incalculable results both upon the knowledge and the material welfare of mankind.

The only life of Fabre hitherto available to English readers has been Bernard Miall's translation of the excellent biography by Dr. C. V. Legros, published by Fisher Unwin under the title, "Fabre, Poet of Science," in 1913. At the time of the Sérignan jubilee, however, it had already occurred to the Abbé Augustin Fabre, a distant kinsman of the great naturalist's, that the many personal reminiscences contained in the ten volumes and four thousand pages of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" could be linked together to form the most fascinating biography, or rather autobiography, imaginable. There were gaps of course, but these could easily be filled in by the concisest chronicle. The poet of science, who in addition to all his other gifts was one of the greatest masters of French prose, could be left to tell his own story, and to record in his characteristically simple and unaffected style the ardours and triumphs of a life that must be an example and an inspiration to all upon whom fate presses hard.

The result was a series of articles which appeared in the *Journal d'Aveyron*. They were written in the first place purely for local readers, but forming as they do the most intimate biography of a man in whom the whole cultured world is now interested, it was inevitable that they should be rescued from the files of a provincial newspaper and issued in book form. They have been translated by Mr. Bernard Miall, and are rounded off by a chapter specially written by the Abbé Fabre for the English edition and dealing with the last years of the naturalist's life, from 1910 to 1915.

In the space of a review so short as this must be it is impossible to illustrate by quotation the vivacity and the humanity of these personal records. Readers of Mr. Teixeira de Mattos' admirable translations of the "Souvenirs," now in progress of publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, will be glad to have the autobiographical portions thus collected, while those who have the misfortune to know nothing of Fabre's work will be led by this biography to make immediate acquaintance with the master. Fabre was ninety years old when he died, and every outstanding phase of his remarkable career is touched upon with a modesty that is only equalled by the beauty and vigour of his description. We see him first of all on his grandfather's lean farm on the bleak Rouerque tableland, an urchin of five or six in wooden clogs and a soiled frieze frock with his handkerchief tied to his belt by a piece of string. There it was that he made his first scientific discovery, learning by deliberate experiment that he enjoyed the sun's radiance with his eyes, and not with his mouth, as he had supposed. The announcement of this discovery to the peasant circle at home was the occasion of loud laughter at the inquirer's simplicity, but the incident was characteristic of his whole future life.

Then we have a picture of the seven-year-old Fabre at the village school of Saint-Léons, kept by his godfather, who combined the office of schoolmaster with that of bailiff, barber and farm-labourer, and wound the village clock between times. The school itself was at once a kitchen, a bedroom, a dining-room and, at times, a chicken-house and a piggery, but its walls were embellished with a number of halfpenny prints in crude colours, which gave the lad his first vague notions of art, and formed in later years one of the most cherished of his early memories. At ten years old he proceeded to the Lycée of Rodez, getting his education free in return for his functions as serving boy in the chapel. There he learnt his Latin, and began that love of Virgil which was to become so apparent in the writings of his mature years, a love that was dependent perhaps upon the exquisite details of life in the woods and fields enshrined in Virgil's sonorous verse. Fabre's studies at Rodez were interrupted by a family misfortune which sent him out into the world to earn a scanty living, but a few years later he entered for a bursary at the Normal College of Vaucluse and won it with ease. One of the most interesting sections of his memoirs is the account of his life at this time, and the record of the developments which led him, through the medium of a schoolmastership in Carpentras, to the Chair of Physics and Chemistry first in the Lycée of Ajaccio, and afterwards at Avignon. It was during this period of his career that he attracted the attention of Victor Duruy, the enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, who obtained for him the Legion of Honour and forced him to attend the reception at the Tuileries to receive the decoration from the Emperor's own hand. Duruy would gladly have retained Fabre in Paris, giving him a position which would afford both leisure and the means to pursue his studies in comfort, but Fabre's one thought was to get away from that whirl of humanity in which he suffered "tortures of loneliness" and return to his own thyme-scented hills and the grey olive-yards rich in grasshoppers.

Then followed thirty years of arduous and unceasing labour. The needs of a growing family made him interrupt his naturalistic studies to write more popular expositions of science for children which are still a model of their kind. Some of them have been translated into English in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's series. The first volume of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" was published in 1879, the year of his removal to Sérignan, where the work was done with which posterity will always associate his name. His biography henceforward is the history of his researches and its background is his beloved Provence, which saw "the unfolding of his rich and vital nature, and lavished upon him all the beauty of its sky, all the brilliance of its Latin soul, all the savour of its musical and picturesque language, and all the entomological wealth of its sunny hills."

C. S. EVANS.

A BAYARD OF LIBERALISM.*

Lives of editors remind us we can make their "Lives" sublime, perhaps, but we can rarely make them active or adventurous. Mr. Saxon Mills recognises at an early stage of his faithful and loyal chronicle that its material must needs be uneventful. Education, search for work, the successive control of three Liberal papers, occupation with a great edition of Ruskin and sundry biographies, and finally the acceptance of a thankless task as Director of the Press Bureau—these things hardly provide those sensations which make the staple of popular reading to-day. Again, Mr. Mills can hardly conceal the fact that Sir Edward Cook was to all intents a misapplied and disappointed man. He never found the recognition at Oxford which his powers and facility demanded, and there were three failures at the close of his academic years there which must remain wholly unaccountable. Journalism afforded as ready an outlet as any other calling could—perhaps better than most—for his exceptional faculties of quick and penetrating thought, clear and characteristic expression, and views which in the main were liberal but vigorously independent at that. Journalism and politics, like Oxford, brought him warm and serviceable friendships, but, like Oxford, they proved as ungrateful as they always must to the man who preserves his own liberty of mind. Without those friendships, and the personal magnetism pervading the author's estimate, this book would be a bitter record. That he has kept it steadily along lines of optimism, and subdued the note of irony to an undertone, is not the least among its elements of success.

It must strike more than one reader of this book that lives of editors never seemed to crowd upon us until lately, when most editors have ceased to count. When Cook began his career as a newspaper man, his exemplar, now Lord Morley, could make terms which in their defiance of arithmetical equity, read like romance to-day. They are

* "Sir Edward Cook: A Biography." By J. Saxon Mills. 16s. (Constable.)

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given here in chapter seven, and Cook tried to keep their spirit alive. An editor with a consistent political record was a known factor to be relied upon, which was more than could be said for proprietors ready to sell the paper over his head and into the dark. Papers and politics have not improved in consistency since; commercialism occupies the front benches, and editorship shivers in the cold shades of opposition. The story of Cook's passing from the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the *Westminster Gazette*, which he helped to found, is one of the most dramatic in the annals of Fleet Street, and the gist of it, as given here, is in his own inimitable telling. Before a first-hand version of events becomes available, Mr. Saxon Mills is liable to go astray. For instance, he represents Mr. Frederick Greenwood leaving the "P. M. G." in 1880 rich in "accumulation of manuscript," all pigeon-holed for use, and Mr. Yates Thompson, the new owner, at a loss to find a suitable successor. Lord Morley could tell a different story on both these points, and the only other man aware of the circumstances, Mr. Henry Leslie, told them all to me before he died. Otherwise Mr. Mills's account of the paper is interesting and unexceptionable, and makes a valuable addition to the inside history of Fleet Street and what it stands for, or did once.

Cook's thirty years of active press work formed a period of splendid ardour in furtherance of aims in which he believed profoundly, consequently it was punctuated with more than one tragic disillusion. Chief among them, perhaps, was that Liberalism is a synonym for ingratitude towards her advocates unless these enter Parliament. Cook's temperament was all against entering Westminster, and few men knew themselves better. He had been a brilliant debater in the Oxford Union—too logical, perhaps, if anything—and no man ever makes himself popular who leaves his adversaries no rag of defence. Light without heat is the best way of describing his debating manner, and it might fairly stand as a summary of his journalism. Like Morley and Milner, he had sailed into a difficult profession on his university connection, as so many do who never get beyond the amateur stages; but Cook had a talent for detail as well as a passion for broad principles. Men who came up from the provinces, primed in the all-round training that only the provinces afford, had a poor opinion, even a quarter of a century ago, of the technical equipment of any journalist who had never worked outside London; but Cook changed that opinion rapidly on contact, as I can vouch, for one. He entrusted a task to me once where there was occasion to speak of Ruskin and his influence, but because I ventured to question the infallibility of this idol of his, there was thunder. It was a strange fate that took him from the editor's desk in daily practice, and set him down at the bulkiest edition since the Abbé Migne overhauled the range of patristic theology. Mr. Wedderburn, his Ruskin collaborator, is only one of many friends, many of them of first-class importance, who testify how pleasant Cook was to work with; and men say the same who went down with him into the limbo of the Press Bureau. It was a pitiable finish for a life of strenuous fighting for the liberty of the press to lend himself to this, the worst ignominy it has suffered since the vile old days of Sir Roger l'Estrange. He fought throughout the South African war to keep men and papers sane and far-seeing, and yet in a war that was infinitely greater and more creditable, he was the Torquemada of a futile and absurd Inquisition. It was the last round hole for this squarest of men, and his apologia, "The Press in War-time," shows him in a characteristic aspect, a good man struggling with adversity.

J. P. COLLINS.

PERSONALITY IN FICTION.*

For many years Mr. Milne has filled a valuable and prominent place in literary journalism. As editor and as literary editor he has watched and studied the daily and eternal procession of books and men, in infinite variety; and, from the knowledge so acquired of those very human things, has developed a philosophy of life, genial, sympathetic, of generous ideals, which, coloured by his own bent and applied, comprises a most attractive personality; aye, and a compelling personality, marking its particular impress upon everything he has written and said. Indeed, Mr. Milne is one of the writers whose individuality so clearly discloses itself, that even when his articles are not signed one still can say, "A bob to a bawbee, that's by Jimmy Milne!"

"The Black Colonel" is his seventh volume, in a series most admirably diversified—biography, Tommy Atkins' letters, American notes, our wonderful London, and so on. This is a romance of Jacobite times in the Highlands. While it tells a full, round story of love, adventure, fighting and the artful manœuvring of persons—true romance speeding on wings of thought and wit to the right ending of marriage-bells and babies—it is also of interest to those who know the writer, because it expresses—him! And therein dwells so much of the joy of it. Braw Jock Farquharson of Inverey, with loyal Ian Gordon, the red-coat, and Marget Forbes, a girl of humanity and charm, play out their time-old comedy of Jacobitism and rivalry in politics and love, with dirk, strathspey, and divers meetings in midnight darkness; and all the while are speaking the philosophy of Mr. James Milne of Deeside and the Street of Adventure. It is rather remarkable, so modern are his spirit and his thought, that he should have filled the mouths of these seventeenth-century Highlanders with his sentiments and—avoided anachronism. While, therefore, we would give him or anyone else a red bawbee for the original version of that "French chanson," "It's Love that makes the world go round," we congratulate him sincerely and heartily on the way he has joined himself to his picturesque company—in their tartan and their scarlet—and not proved out of place. It must, however, not be thought that Mr. Milne has neglected the purposes of romance. His Jock is a bonny fighter, dancer, lover and adventurer, ready with those sharp blades, his sword and his tongue, to meet his rival, Ian, and ready to retire promptly on discovering that their lady loves the prettier man. A gracious book is "The Black Colonel." It is exceptional in its class, for the simple reason that it appeals to the intellect as well as to the fancy.

We pass to Mr. Alan Graham's "The Voyage Home," which lacks such well-knit art as Mr. Milne possesses. The book shows an opportunity lost through inexperience. Paul Brown is a kind-hearted detective, whose duty it is to arrest in Egypt and bring home a gentlemanly thief, one of the adventurers misled by reading "Raffles," who has taken possession too frequently of the over-displayed jewellery of wealthy people, and is caught. Frank Honiton is an attractive fellow, with weaknesses and, alas, even a touch of cowardice. When he discovers that he is to travel home on the steamer in which friends, including the girl he loves, have taken berths, he naturally pleads with Brown to hide the fact of the arrest and allow it to appear as if they are companions travelling together. Influenced by his attractiveness, the detective consents. Before the vessel reaches Malta, however, the over-displayed jewellery of a rich woman disappears and—from that point the theme is too much for Mr. Graham's powers. An excellent idea is brought to nothing; whereas our emotions might have been touched and roused to excitement if a maturer hand had been at work. Instead of marching definitely and with speed to a climax, the story drifts to rather loose ends. The character-drawing is ambitious yet bald; whereas much might have been made of the pawky Scotsmen, Murray and Scrymgeour, of Joan, the distressed wife of the dipsomaniac, of the mean-hearted Corris, and of the others. Mr. Graham writes lucidly, and with experience should do excellently well.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "The Black Colonel." By James Milne. 7s. (Lane.)—"The Voyage Home." By Alan Graham. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSARY."*

Countless readers know of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay from her novel "The Rosary," but to only a limited number of persons could her real self, her everyday personality, be known. Now, in this volume newly published, written

* "The Life of Florence L. Barclay." By One of Her Daughters. With Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

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by " one of her daughters," the intensely interesting though comparatively uneventful life of the authoress is revealed.

" Of course this book is not meant to be classed with formal biographies at all," says the writer, " anything as conventional as that would seem, somehow, out of place to those who knew and loved the vivid, unconventional, child-like personality that was my mother. That is why I have called the book just ' a study in personality.' . . . Her personality was like the sun. . . . She had a radiant and irrepressible joy in life; an unquenchable enthusiasm for everything and everybody; a firm faith in God and in man's possibilities."

So, in this informal labour of love we see first, and very clearly, the little child in her rectory home at Limpsfield, merry, active, clever, often daring, and at the same time thoughtful, and quick in imagination — even in the early years thinking stories and sometimes writing them. But when the little authoress was seven years old she had to exchange the Surrey rectory for the rectory in Limehouse, making the journey in a pony-chaise, with her father, and passing mile by mile from the green world to the roar and bustle of East London. When nine years old she met her future husband, the Rev. C. W. Barclay, and soon after her eighteenth birthday she was married. Passing again from London parish to country parish, her life at Hertford Heath was in its way remarkable. The first task that fell to the lot of this eighteen-year-old bride was to form a Bible-class for men on Sunday afternoons, and before long practically every man in the village was a member of it. The fame of it had spread, too, into the country beyond, and a group of men walked up from Hertford every Sunday to attend it. The membership was over a hundred. Year after year of busy life passed without sign of the work which was to make Florence Barclay a public woman. With classes and meetings, with schemes for helping the parish in every way, with eight children in the home, and not robust health, there was little time for imaginative work. The daughter who so lovingly describes her mother's life has made the centre figure live, and has conveyed the sympathetic charm, the force and beauty of her character, the tireless energy of her days. But it was ill-health, after all, that gave Mrs. Barclay the chance she needed, and during the months of enforced idleness, while suffering from heart-strain, she wrote her most famous book, " The Rosary."

" It was one of her elder daughters who was nursing her through this illness. She had gone for a moment into a room adjoining my mother's. . . . Presently my sister heard her call: ' What song shall Jane sing? ' ' The Rosary ' called back my sister, remembering that the American song had pleased my mother before the commencement of her illness, and that she used to play it and sing it herself. And so Jane sang ' The Rosary,' and gradually the song got interwoven with the story, more and more. But Jane might equally well have sung some other song, and the book still have become a ' best seller ' under another title. The incident clearly shows that the book was not written ' round the song,' as is so often supposed, nor ' inspired by the song,' but that the song was quite accidental to the story."

The reception of the book, the letters that came from all countries to the author, her generous use of the money which " The Rosary " brought—form one of the most interesting chapters of a book which is a brightly written and artless " study " of an all-too-short life.

" The George," Huntingdon.

From " Old Inns " (Heinemann).

OLD INNS AND OTHER HOUSES.*

Mr. W. L. George has been telling us lately that he takes no interest in famous houses. Well, it can't be helped; some don't, and some do. There was a celebrated curate who didn't like London. Some are susceptible to the fascination of golf; others, who are bored by it, find a charm in tiddly-winks. These things just happen, and it is better not to worry too much about it.

For my part, I confess I often find old houses curiously interesting; more so now and then than are the people who live in them. If they have a story and I happen to know it; if they have associations with men and women of the past who have taken any hold on my imagination, such as it is, I can go and browse about them and get as much pleasure from refilling them with their vanished lives as I can from reading four books out of five. I would sacrifice a good many books to retain a certain court up Fenchurch Street where that deplorable and forgotten poet, Joseph Blacket, once went to call on a patron, and another court opposite the Poetry Bookshop, in Devonshire Street, where you may still see the queer little Georgian house in which Blacket used to live. That old cottage up Colebrook Row means a good deal to you if you know anything of Lamb, but if you don't it will mean nothing at all to you, and you will naturally be unable to understand what it can mean to others.

Wherever you go about London you are treading in the footprints of Dickens, whether you are aware of it or not; and you may as well be aware of it, for a knowledge of the facts adds something to the colour and life of the streets and of divers of their houses. Therefore I feel that Mr. B. W. Matz deserves handsomely of his fellows, for he has done more than any other man living to identify and make known the places in London and all over England that have associations with Dickens and his work. In his new book, " The Inns and Taverns of ' Pickwick ',"* he has strictly limited the scope of his inquiries, as his title indicates. Nevertheless these Pickwickian hostelries number over thirty, and take you not only into various parts of London, but as far afield as Dorking, Rochester,

* " The Inns and Taverns of ' Pickwick.' " By B. W. Matz. With 31 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)—" Old Inns." By Cecil Aldin. With numerous Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White. 25s. (Heinemann.)—" Old Battersea." By Ethel Woolmer and Molly Power. 2s. 6d. (Wise.)

Cobham, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, Chelmsford, Tewkesbury, Bath and Birmingham. Incidentally he has discovered the hotel — though it has long since ceased to be one— in which Dickens gave a dinner to his friends on the completion of the "Pickwick Papers"; and here atones for an inadequacy in Forster's "Life" by furnishing a full account of the place and the dinner.

Then he proceeds to discourse pleasantly of the "Golden Cross" at Charing Cross; "The Bull" at Rochester; "The White Hart" in the Borough; "La Belle Sauvage" on Ludgate Hill; "The Marquis of Granby" at Dorking; and all those other inns and places of refreshment that were visited by the people of "Pickwick," and formed backgrounds for some of the most memorable of their adventures. Many of these houses still survive, and Mr. Matz renders a delightfully gossipy account of their history apart from the Dickensian connections that are their chief and most enduring glory. I have enjoyed a long evening making an arm-chair pilgrimage with him to the miscellaneous inns of "Pickwick," and can warmly recommend other Dickens lovers to do likewise, or, better still, to make the pilgrimage in reality with this friendly, entertaining book for guide.

I think the only Dickensian inn in Mr. Cecil Aldin's "Old Inns" is the "Maypole" at Chigwell; but Mr. Aldin is not concerned with such associations. The ghost of Pepys haunts one of his houses; Queen Elizabeth and other distinguished persons hover about one or two, but he takes his inns for their own sakes, and the glamour of age that is over them. He was fascinated by the oddities of an 1831 edition of "Patterson's Roads," and it prompted him to travel the country and visit all the yet existing inns mentioned in that obsolete handbook. The story of his journeyings makes the crispest, liveliest reading, and the sketches he did by the way to illustrate his book are beautiful enough to move even a Prohibitionist to recant. In colour and black-and-white, with the most exquisite delicacy of touch, Mr. Aldin reveals the quaintness, the homeliness or quiet dignity, the old-world charm and beauty of over forty of these ancient English inns. I have turned again and again to his paintings of "The George" at Salisbury; "The King's-Head," Chigwell; "The Mermaid," Rye; "The Golden Cross," Oxford; "The New Inn," Gloucester; and others, for sheer delight in the loveliness of such antique buildings, the gracious life and colour and atmosphere with which Mr. Aldin has conjured them on to his pages. There is that same feeling and atmosphere, and a subtle sense of colour in the numerous black-and-white drawings — surely as sensitive and finely finished work of the kind as any I have ever seen.

"The Raven," Battersea.
From "Old Battersea" (Wise).

Excellent, too, in their widely different manner, and with a quaint charm of their own are the woodcuts with which Miss Molly Power has illustrated Miss Ethel Woolmer's booklet concerning "Old Battersea." Three of the eight engravings are of old inns. That so much must have been lost to art and literature if Pussyfoot had been born before his time should give some of us pause. Others of these woodcuts show the house in which Bolingbroke lived when Pope, Swift and Chesterfield were among his visitors; a windmill on the river bank; the suspension bridge; some old cottages, and the parish church. They are admirable and very effective examples in an art that had fallen into neglect, but of late seems to be in the way of revival.

Any of these books is more than sufficient of itself to account for one's interest in old houses, famous or otherwise; and all three together obviously leave one who finds no interest in such things with something to account for.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A BROAD CHURCH DEAN.*

Dean Fremantle was not a party man, but his affinities were with those who have been called the Broad Church party among the Anglicans. Mr. H. D. A. Major suggests that "the best popular presentation of the Dean's view of the relation of the Church to the State, and so of the religious to the secular life, is to be found in Professor Henry Drummond's little book, 'The City Without a Church.'" The

The "White Hart Inn," Borough.
From "Inns and Taverns of Pickwick" (Cecil Palmer).

* "Recollections of Dean Fremantle." With three Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

odd thing is that Drummond quotes Fremantle in that very pamphlet. But the Dean's influence was rather that of a personality than of a thinker. The interest of these reminiscences, which have been woven together by the Master of the Temple, lies in their record of his career.

Fremantle came to Eton in time to see the last celebration of the Eton Montem, "that curious and unmeaning" function. When he went to Balliol in 1849 he belonged to the serious set in the University. Evidently he was not impressed by Jowett, though he acknowledges his enthusiasm and diligence for the college. "When I came to know him there was nothing to mark him as distinctive, except his intellectual power and his devotion to his work." One reminiscence of the Master is strange:

"I remember on a certain Saint's day in which he had been called upon unexpectedly to read the Epistle his saying to me in a walk in the afternoon: 'Did you see what happened to me in chapel this morning? I read the Epistle in a black tie'—which I certainly had not noticed."

Was this an instance of Jowett's sensitiveness to outward propriety, or was it ironically said? Fremantle got his first class, along with Lewis Campbell and George Brodrick. He was elected a fellow of All Souls, became a curate, and finally rector of Lewknor in Oxfordshire. He then went to be vicar of St. Mary's in Bryanstone Square for seventeen years—the most successful part of his clerical career. It was during this incumbency that he published his book on "The Gospel of the Secular Life." Archbishop Tait finally took him to be a canon of Canterbury, and Jowett made him clerical fellow and tutor at Balliol. But the latter post did not suit him. Jowett was unsympathetic. Fremantle shared Jowett's theological position, but he complains that he did not get support from the Master in what he conceived to be his duties at Balliol. He delivered his Bampton Lectures, but he admits that he should never have gone back to Balliol. He was an object of suspicion to the High Church party, and Jowett was indifferent to his function inside the college. There is much behind a statement like this:

"Jowett was glad when any of my pupils got a first class in the schools, but he did nothing to help on the work. He very rarely, even in private, inquired about it. Indeed, when I was working on my translation of Jerome's treatises he once wished to say a kind word. It was only: 'How do you get on with the works of St. Chrysostom?'"

No doubt he was glad when Lord Rosebery appointed him in 1895 to be Dean of Ripon. Bishop Boyd Carpenter was sympathetic, and the Dean was able to cultivate friendly relations with nonconformists and to work for the broadening of religious interests. He must have been what the Americans call a good "mixer." He was criticised for Erastianism, for heterodoxy and for undue friendliness with dissenters, by many of his fellow Churchmen. But at Ripon he was happy.

The general impression left by the book is pleasant. Fremantle's life fell in the period when the Broad Church movement was coming to its own, as Newmanism faded. He was not a bookman. He was not a man who said good things. But he lived for large, Christian ideals. And he is candid about himself. People who write autobiographies are often candid—about other people. He is candid about his own failures. For example, he admits that, as a preacher, he sometimes failed:

"Chiefly because of a habit I had formed early of attempting to say too much and consequently demanding too much from the attention of the congregation. This, I feel strongly, might have been remedied by greater care and self-control, and the absence of these qualities is rightly to be blamed."

Self-criticism like this is honourable, and it was only one of the honourable notes in Fremantle's character.

JAMES MOFFATT.

THREE FARCICAL AND A FOURTH.*

I have heard it said that "jackets" are much more potent as agents in the securing of popularity for novels than are reviews the most discriminating or laudation the most enthusiastic. The remark probably originated with an artist who was designer of such "jackets," and as reviewer, of course, I cordially disagree with it. Judging by their pictorial wrappers, indeed, these four volumes would all come under the heading of "humorous," which would not be wholly correct, and what is more, though an avid reader, I cannot say that more than one of the four wrappers would of itself have served to whet my curiosity to the point of wanting to know what it was all about. However, the wrapper is but as the bush hung out to hint at the entertainment to be had within—the story is the thing, and varied as they are in themes and treatment each of these four volumes has its merits as a means of entertainment, though readers might well differ as to the order in which they rank as entertainers.

Mr. Hamblin has won warm commendation for his earlier humorous stories and his farcical narrative concerning "Horace and the Bird" will be found to provide some pleasant amusement for readers who can appreciate broadly drawn characters and somewhat exaggerated episodes. Horace Dodley went down into East Anglia from the suburban home which he shared with a giggling mother and two giggling sisters, to make himself known to relatives there at a most inauspicious time. Despite the queer reception that he got, he went again, and yet again—though he had acquired the reputation of a pilferer, and the reputation was justified to the extent of one photograph and one maiden's heart, but quite false in respect of the silver spoon and a certain cuckoo clock. The idea of the lady who wished to evade the death duties that would some day fall due on her estate, and who had a hobby for hiding money presents in the houses of the relatives whom she visited is very good, and though the hiding place chosen on one occasion caused a mort of trouble, it also brought about the undoing of the unworthy Hubert Cheeseman and the happiness of Horace. It is a diverting story, in which the humour is of that somewhat superficial kind which is associated with farce.

Something of the same kind might be said of the very different story in which Miss Caroline Lockhart tells us how "'Gentle Annie' Makes Good." Here we have an American yarn concerning one Wallace Macpherson, who, as the nephew of a rich woman, is content to go with her from one "resort" to another, admired for his good looks and his dilettante accomplishments. Then he happens upon Helene Spenceley of Wyoming, and stung by being dubbed a "Gentle Annie" quarrels with his aunt and goes off to make a fortune in Wyoming. He does not make a fortune, but the attempt to do so makes a man of him, and it is no "Gentle Annie" who faces first those who try to freeze him from the homestead he has taken up, and then the chapter of accidents that attend on his taking a party through the Yellowstone. If Miss Lockhart is on the farcical side in the presentation of many of her characters and incidents, she has also many passages of that humour which compels the reader to chuckle aloud involuntarily.

There is farce, comedy and something of rollicking fun in Mr. Morley Roberts's volume "The Mirthful Nine," which comprises that number of stories. There is furthermore a skill in the mere act of the story-telling which is lacking in the work of many writers of humorous fiction, a skill which while setting forth happenings that are in themselves humorous or ludicrous, invests them as it were in a fitting atmosphere. Too often the writer of a designedly humorous story is like the artist who is able to render a beautiful scene only in flat colours; less often

* "Horace and the Bird." By Robert A. Hamblin. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"'Gentle Annie' Makes Good." By Caroline Lockhart. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Mirthful Nine." By Morley Roberts. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash & Grayson.)—"The Substitute Millionaire." By Hulbert Footner. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

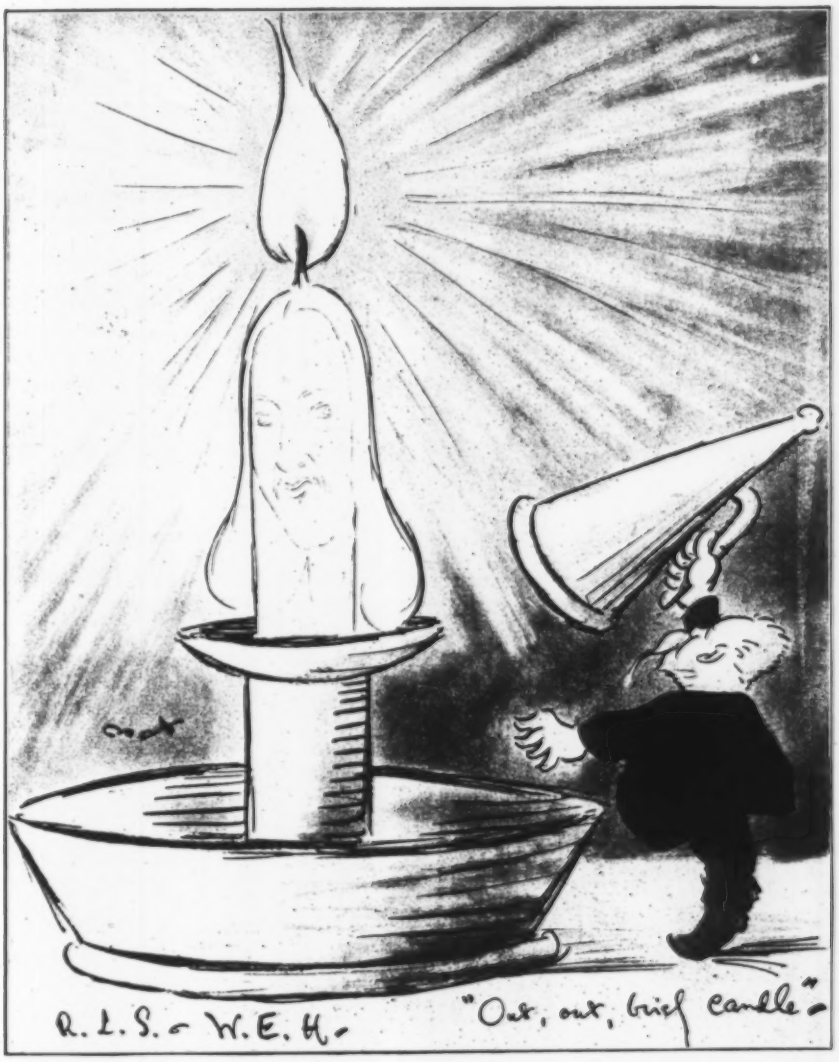
THE HOUSE UNDER THE GROUND.

From "PETER PAN AND WENDY."
By J. M. BARRIE.
Illustrated in colour by MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

XUM

By MAX BEERBOHM.

MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



By MAX BEERBOHM.
From a drawing (formerly the property of Sir H. Beerbohm Tree) kindly lent by Mr. Henry Danielson.

R. L. S. AND W. E. H.

XUM

From "THE ENCHANTED FOREST."
By IDA RENTOUL OUTHWAITE and GRENBRY OUTHWAITE.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white
(A. & C. Black).

THE WATERFALL FAIRY.

is he able to do as the more gifted artist does and make his scenes more actual by the addition of "atmosphere." Mr. Morley Roberts has certainly devised a series of entertaining extravagant yarns in which, though farcical exaggeration plays a considerable part, the skill of the story-teller is such as to make us accept the incidents for a reading-while and, doing so, to find some hearty entertainment. From the wild happenings when a goat made havoc in a drawing-room because the polite host thought it belonged to his guest and the polite guest thought it belonged to his host, up to the last story—which will surely shock any surviving "Grand Aunt Pamela"—all is lively and enjoyable reading for lighter moments.

With "The Substitute Millionaire," we get back to America, and here we leave our company of humorists for that of a sensationalist. Mr. Hulbert Footner tells the story of a young New Yorker who, reading of the murder of a multi-millionaire, toys with the thought of being his heir, and under the influence of his imagination "cheeks" his employer and so loses the job for which he was receiving twelve dollars a week. Then comes the astonishing news that he *is* the heir, and that not only to some eighty million dollars but also to the threats and hatred of the murderous anarchists. He determines to destroy the destroyers, and to effect his purpose gets another man to pose as the new millionaire, and in consequence there are many thrilling happenings before the due happy ending is attained. It is an excellent variant of the crime and its detection story, neatly woven together and capitally told.

WALTER JERROLD.

BARBARY: THE ROMANCE OF THE NEAREST EAST.*

Mr. MacCallum Scott in this lively book describes a visit to Northern Africa and some wanderings in that historic land that once was populous, productive, civilised, but is now backward and fallen from its fertility. It is above all things clear that he enjoyed himself immensely, and he set himself to convey to his readers as much as possible of the zest and delight evoked in him by the things he saw.

Well, he has succeeded admirably in doing so. Whether he is describing his own experiences in visiting dead cities, once full of life, of people, of noble buildings, beautiful works of Greek art or the derived imitative art of Rome, how he scrambled about the ruins noting the massive walls, the beautifully wrought stone, the visible fragments that give the imagination wherewithal to reconstruct the glories that had been; or giving rein to his own imagination and conjuring up the return of a local magnate from some fête in an evening, with the sun "sinking into a far-spreading zone of orange, deepening into fiery tones of russet, bronze, rose, scarlet and crimson. . . . Against this background rises the *massif* of Chenona, purple and violet, dim and dreamlike, with a shimmering opalescent flush on its summit"—exactly what may be seen at the present day; or telling of his almost arctic expedition from Biskra to Timgad; or describing some of the people with whom he was thrown in his travels; or giving pictures of modern ways of shopping in Tunis; or a rapid survey of the rise and fall of the state of Numidia, with its Rome-trained native princeling Juba, and his wife, the daughter of Mark Antony and Cleopatra; or of Carthage, or its stupendous remains; always he is bright, vivid, crisp and entertaining. We must not look for any profound discussion on antiquities, for new theories on history, or the relations of the peoples that successively occupied these territories; he has no views on art or architecture or government, all is plain sailing. He is the visitor only, not the would-be savant. And a visitor with quick observing eye and admirable powers of expressing what his eyes set before his brain.

It may perhaps not be quite clear why he should devote a chapter to a review of Hichens's "Garden of Allah," and another to an account of Flaubert's "Salammbô." They would hardly be in place in a book of this kind, if it was a book quite of the usual kind. But one feels that Mr. MacCallum Scott put them into his manuscript because they interested him very much, and so, although the reader may know them as well as the author, the reader still enjoys the author's enjoyment, which is a great thing.

But above all else, it is clear that Mr. MacCallum Scott was interested in the work done by France in attempting to restore to European civilisation these lands that Rome held for five centuries, and which in the end broke away and became Oriental, barbarous if you like, African once more. Naturally France has not yet managed to do in Africa what Rome did, for her occupation has not yet filled a hundred years, compared with the Romans' five hundred. But much has been done, and much more will be done. Mr. MacCallum Scott thinks France has been politically more successful in Algeria than England has been in Egypt, while economically England has done better in Egypt than France has. But while he sees the problem and owns its fascination he does not venture on more than a very cautious statement of it. Will France succeed where Rome failed? Perhaps—perhaps not. Our author, perhaps wisely, does not attempt any serious study of what France is doing, what she aims at and by what methods. There is a great deal of material for such a study, many theories could be propounded, much discussion might be set afoot. He is cautious, and is clearly sceptical as to whether Europe can ever hope to bring Africa into her borders politically or in civilisation. But we might hope that his glimpse at northern Africa and France's task there might inspire him to study the question in detail and profoundly, and to give us an essay upon it from the point of view of a statesman. Such a book would be a happy pendant to the present very attractive volume.

F. M. ATKINSON.

* "Barbary: The Romance of the Nearest East." By A. MacCallum Scott, M.P. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

MRS. INCHBALD.*

During her lifetime, which nearly reached its seventieth year, Mrs. Inchbald was actress, playwright, author and editor of several collections of plays. Apart from her friendship with those of her first calling, she was on terms of more or less intimacy with many of the celebrities of the time—Godwin, Holcroft, Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), Mrs. Opie and Charles Lamb. Her personal and other attractions, too, led to her introduction to people of higher rank. In the memoirs of the period her name is occasionally to be found. George Dyer gave a short biographical sketch of her in "Public Characters of 1799–1800," from which one gathers that he was not unacquainted with her. Charles Lamb refers to her "as the only endurable clever woman he had ever known," though elsewhere he classed her with Mrs. Barbauld as one of the "two bald-women," and in one of his notes to his "Elia" essay, "On Some of the Old Actors," he shows that he knew her edition of collected plays ("The British Theatre"). Further, we know that he had read her "Nature and Art," which he characterised "a dainty, sweet book." It was Coleridge apparently who called his attention to it on its publication in 1796.

Modern playgoers have no opportunity of seeing any of her plays, which are as if they had never been, though in their author's day some of them were fairly popular. Readers of Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park" will remember that it was one of her plays—"Lovers' Vows"—adapted from the German of Kotzebue which the amateurs were to have played at Sir Thomas Bertram's but did not.

To serious students of the theatre her editorial works—"The British Theatre," etc.—are not unknown, and copies now and then turn up in secondhand booksellers' catalogues. Her two novels, "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art," have occasionally been re-offered to the general reader.

* "Elizabeth Inchbald and Her Circle." By S. R. Littlewood. 10s. 6d. net. (Daniel O'Connor.)

XUM

The former was reprinted by the Clarendon Press in 1908, but it does not appear to have reached a second edition. "Nature and Art" was one of the volumes of that most treasured series of reprints, "Cassell's National Library," but that was thirty-five years ago. Both are really interesting stories, though they do not make much appeal to modern taste. The present writer remembers the intense pleasure with which he read the latter work when a boy of seventeen or thereabouts, which may or may not speak much for *his* taste, but the recollection remains as a delectable possession. Whether a reperusal would renew or diminish that pleasure is doubtful.

There was a spice of romance in Elizabeth Inchbald's life, and Mr. Littlewood has written a pleasing and interesting sketch of her story. He states that he has made no attempt at a minute record. That is certainly the case; so much so that we wish he had been less sparing. He does not burden his readers with dates, at any rate, for he gives us only two—the date of Mrs. Inchbald's birth and that of her death. No doubt a careful reader could with due attention supply the others, but some concession to his ease would have been not too great an indulgence to indolence.

As the author has been so chary of minutiæ he might at least have shown just a little less carelessness in the composition of the book. One glaring mistake is made on page eighty-two, where, speaking of the one dramatic incident in "A Simple Story," he makes a statement which proves either that he has not recently read the novel or has misread the passage.

Of the six portraits which he gives us, one—that of Fanny Kemble, the daughter of Charles Kemble—has no connection whatever with Elizabeth Inchbald's life story. *A* Fanny Kemble married a friend of the latter, but she was the aunt of the other Fanny.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

JAMES HUNEKER'S SUCCESSOR.*

Mr. H. L. Mencken is at last being introduced to us by an English publisher, and we find in him a critic of life and letters whose enthusiasm, sharp and spiced and stinging, reminds us of no one among modern literary observers so much as the late James Huneker. Not that Mr. Mencken is discovered beaming across the dinner-table, as Huneker was, with talk that actually identifies artistic masterworks and the wine, the dishes, the cigars—very seldom indeed does Mr. Mencken's dissertation take place, metaphorically, of course, on that common ground of social fellowship. His gusto is of a different kind; for while Huneker was the epicure of American letters, docketing his artistic heroes as madmen, wits, saints and sinners just as the epicure of another sort will docket the various brands of wine, Mencken is the castigator, with far more antipathies in literature than preferences, finding huge relish in the ridicule of other people's preferences. Huneker made us warm towards good art. Mencken makes us hate bad artists.

With Huneker he shares the ability to endear himself to his readers or to send them away reviling the country that produced him. It must be confessed at once that such writing as his in the volume before us is at first liable to shock those who have been reared exclusively on the output of *littérateurs* who write their criticism sadly—our own zestless authoritarians. Here, for example, is his estimate of the American short story:

"The same hollowness that marks the American novel also marks the short story. Its great masters, in late years, have been such cheesemongers as Davis, with his servant-girl romanticism, and O. Henry, with his smoke-room and variety show smartness. In the whole canon of O. Henry's work you will not find a single recognisable human character; his people are unanimously marionettes; he makes Mexican brigands, Texas cowmen and New York cracksmen talk the same highly ornate Broadwayese. The success of Edward J. O'Brien's 'Best Short Story' series throws a vivid light upon the feeble estate of the art in the land. . . . He has yet to discover a single short story that even the most naïve professor would venture to mention in the same breath with Joseph Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness,' or Andrieiff's 'Silence,' or Sudermann's 'Das Sterbelied,' or the least considerable tale by Anatole France."

His criticisms are always made as frankly, and without any of the customary sitting on the fence, although in these second essays there are fewer personal criticisms than there were in the first series. There Mr. Mencken made mincemeat of our leading contemporaries—Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett. Here he aims (apart from the devastating essay on the late Theodore Roosevelt) rather at principles. He seems to be a genial materlalist, believing that all human activity is physical in origin. Love, for example, is a biological manifestation, inspiration a metabolic function, idealism a form of insanity. And he ridicules in turn the general, or, as he would put it, the Puritan conceptions of them. So thorough is his knowledge of the Puritan attitude to all these things that we can only suspect he once subscribed to it and was somehow rapped on the knuckles hard enough to bring about his present revulsion. He is saturated with the thought and aspect of modern America as only a Puritanical American can be. One would almost say he has a complex about it.

Mr. Mencken's judgment in literature is generally sure and sound, but he makes his approach to it more as a critic of life, and thereby combines with his ruthlessness a rigidity which narrows his outlook instead of, as he himself imagines, widening it. By the possession or lack of ideas a writer does not always stand or fall—he certainly does not if he is a creative artist. Mr. Mencken is too impetuous to realise that there are times for withholding the test as well as times for applying it. But he has an uncanny instinct, none the less, for detecting the spurious in creative art; he plays ducks and drakes among the "best sellers" in American letters. And, alternatively, he does not hesitate to proclaim the merit of men whose work may have fallen into such neglect or disfavour that they are never mentioned in the fashionable drawing-rooms. Writers like Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Frank Harris may, and we hope will, with such an influential personality at their side, find themselves once again coming into their own.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "Prejudices: Second Series." By H. L. Mencken. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

F. W. H. MYERS.*

The poet Myers is worth understanding, and to do so it is requisite in the first place to set aside his autobiographical fragment, having made two or three mental notes therefrom. The influence of Hellenism in his youth left little behind it. He tells us that he was converted by the "Phædo" and not by the Gospel; but the proper word is tinctured, and even then not deeply, not so deeply at least as he seems to think in the fragment. Through Josephine Butler, of happy memory, it came about, however, that he was converted later on by the Gospel, and "in a potent form," as he tells us; but again the word is tinctured, and not in the sense of regeneration, not in a lasting sense. After writing "Saint Paul" and "Saint John the Baptist," both memorable poems within their particular measures, the "creed" which gave them birth uplifted its light yoke in the normal manner of that Victorian time. Myers refers it to increased knowledge of history and science, and to a wider outlook on the world. He uses also a more pregnant term, namely "insufficiency of evidence," which notwithstanding he clung eagerly to "the implied promise of immortality." In turn, however, it failed him, and he was now in the mode of agnosticism, otherwise "virtual materialism." The fragment speaks eloquently of the dull pain of this period, when all hope had failed him in respect of the spiritual order, when he saw too deeply for common or exotic subtleties to deceive him, the indifference of the "gay licentious crowd,"

* "Collected Poems, with Autobiographical and Critical Fragments." 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

taking its joy in the moment, or the sentimental dust and ashes of the Positive Philosophy. He was on the threshold of this state when he wrote the "Promise of Immortality," though it remained in manuscript for quite a number of years. It is like a "lone ocean," full of sublime sorrow, but instead of a poem of intimations, such as the great ode of Wordsworth, it is the record of a curious research in thought, a "faltering message," errant in a realm of doubt, and giving forth "wavering words" at one point and another of the desolate track. If the soul emerges for a moment as "parcel and part of sempiternal things," it reappears as a severed "fragment of the Master Will" and lamenting any immortality which it may own as such. That is no gospel, nor again is the ice-bound consolation which suggests with half a heart that some assurance may be gained perchance by renouncing all hope and falling into an abyss of self-forgetfulness which seems relieved of any counsel respecting others. "Forget, forswear, disdain," but the purpose does not appear, though there is a suggestion of giving. We hear otherwise of love, endowed with divine prevision and crying for eternal things, but its concern is worship rather than union. The promise settles sadly into dubious hope and closes on a despairing note, in place of any promise expressed or implied.

A passionate aspiration after God sends up its lambent flashes through the best poems; the motto is "I must have Thee," that ever eloquent line of the "Last Appeal." It is as if faith in this primary direction had never quite failed him, as if he recognised and felt that the sure groundwork of any doctrine concerning immortality is our need of God. The very beautiful poem called "Love and Faith" offers another typical example, erecting a "lucent ladder," travelled up and down by angels. Yet these and the rest are moods, the proof of which is that Myers came out therefrom, feeling that "the hope of the whole world was vanishing" and not his own only. That "promise" on which I have dwelt is a register of moods, and a little lyric on pre-existence represents a mood of another kind: it does not derive from conviction and is therefore powerless to communicate. After much the same manner and for much the same reason Myers conceives in a reverie—and reflects in so doing from the "Promise"—how it might be possible for one like him to be "homeless in the heart of Paradise" and for the Blessed Vision to cease from being a Vision that blesses, when contemplated with "exhausted eyes." To vary a title of Lytton's, these pieces and others like them—for they are many—are but conversations of an ambitious student in sore ill-health of the soul. He had seen God outwardly as a mental possibility, and there is no question that he loved the Image, but he had not conceived Him inwardly. Now, the mind tires of its images, and moreover they shift and change; but there is such a state as the realisation of that God Who is an Abiding Presence within. This is the state when the thing called faith, having fulfilled itself, is merged in experience, so that the soul says no longer "I must have Thee," but rather "Thou in me and I in Thee," looking towards a deeper oneness, wherein there is no distinction between the soul and the Holy One—a statement which will not of necessity contravene the theological distinction between the Creator and the creature. But it does not appear from his life or writings that Myers had any awakenings into the world of mystic life.

He was destined, however, to take a long journey in another direction, and it is on account of this travelling that his poems—which have their place in Victorian literature—are themselves a fragment only of his intellectual life. There came a time when he ceased from poetry and followed his quest of the one and immortal life in paths of psychical research. Those who would understand Myers—and I began by saying that he is worth the pains—must take up his literary record in this direction, being one in which he sought a living reality, as it was bodied forth to him. With all his powers he explored that difficult and problematical region, and it is known that he returned with light in his mind and something of peace in his heart, for he had reached what to him was experimental certitude on the soul's survival of the event of death. In the decades which have elapsed since he died, the research has gone much further, but his books about it are memorable. The age which scoffed and denied has passed with him. Materialistic science itself is dead, and a reign of the spirit is beginning in all worlds of knowledge. Myers is one of the precursors, and reading over, in the light of this fact, the somewhat faded but ever beautiful and fragrant leaves of his poems, one is thankful for the quest which he followed and that as a result of its leading he was "tired" no longer "of all the years can give," and regarded life no longer as "all but death."

A. E. WAITE.

FIVE BOOKS OF VERSE.*

Here are five books of verse, and in each of them are some grains of real poetry. In two, "The Eternal Helen" and "I Bhreasail," the rarer element is bright and frequent.

In Torquil Argestoile's "Love Lyrics," "Non Autel," a long poem in French, is of distinctly higher quality than any of his English work. Were the author to confine himself to the other tongue I believe his verse would be more successful. French is far better suited to express the almost excessively delicate thought of Torquil Argestoile, for which English is too boisterous and vigorous a mode of speech.

"C'est ici que m'attire, a la pointe du jour,
Le doux chant des oiseaux, pour verser mon amour,"

is expressive and pleasantly turned:

". . . Thou
Reflectest Life's God-flasht triplicity"

is not, but one more hideous warning that in our rough English the use of concrete images may succeed, but the worded abstract never.

Neville Brand, like too many of his contemporaries, would be more effective with the help of a little metre. In many moderns I suspect this lack is irremediable, but in this writer there are traces that the singing sense is not altogether absent. I wish he would use it. There seems to be no reason for the form and rhythm (if there is any) of his first poem. I hope Mr. Brand will think it no critical impertinence if I refer him to another poet who, in the days of his pride, turned for a while from the straight path of English verse to dally with tuneless discords—the noble-minded Sidney. Our poet, despite this fault, has two fine virtues: an obvious sincerity, sometimes almost painful, and, more precious, a love of the sea and ships.

Danford Barney is an interesting writer. Nearly every poem in his book holds the reader's attention and makes him think. In style there is a flavour of Kipling and Swinburne, and at times this is effective. Unhappily these two poets are like onions, excellent in themselves, but when transmitted second-hand, nauseous. Yet this is a minor matter, and Mr. Barney's virtues outweigh his faults. Particularly I commend a certain quiet reverence for those dead, whom the England of 1921 sometimes appears to have forgotten:

"Jewels that under flodden meadows lie."

I like Daniel Corkery. I don't know what "I Bhreasail," the title of his book, means, but suppose from a chance reference that it is some Irish place-name. Our author is not a Mangan or a Ledwidge, yet among his Celtic forerunners he seems to stand near Tom Moore. I know it is now the fashion to depreciate Tom Moore, but it is a bad fashion. Mr. Corkery has something to write of besides

* "Love Lyrics." By Torquil Argestoile. (Edinburgh: William Brown.)—"Perspective Poems." By C. Neville Brand. 3s. 6d. (John Wilson.)—"In the Comet's Hair." By Danford Barney. 5s. (Elkin Mathews.)—"I Bhreasail." By Daniel Corkery. 5s. (Elkin Mathews.)—"Eternal Helen." By Pearce Sturm. 5s. (Oxford: Basil Blackwell.)

his own soul, and his work is refreshing for that—and also for a certain Celtic mysticism :

"We cannot tell, though hard we try,
Whither our feet are bound."

In the primitive Irish style Mr. Corkery is not so successful as in the modern. He has tried the old theme of the "Gentle Maiden," but somehow I prefer the words of the original song ; perhaps because so many a gentle maiden lives in the memory of that sweet old air.

Pearce Sturm is altogether a modern. I do not know if he would be flattered or offended by such a label. He writes of Helen and Maeve, and "dream dark heavy Egyptian eyes" ; in fact he writes too much of these. But he writes of them well, though he lacks the polished grace of a Keats or a Yeats. The conception worded in :

"I thought I saw the changeable forms of Gods
Moving at high noon in an ilex grove"

is nobly planned, but the execution is not perfect. At his best Mr. Sturm is a translator. Here he has laid fast hold of brevity, that soul of wit and all poetry. In a translation from the Chinese he writes :

"I sought her while a thousand years took flight,
Through lonely hours too bitter to recall :
I held her in my arms for one brief night
And was repaid for all."

This is admirable.

ARTHUR BRYANT.

PROLETARIANS AND PEASANTS.*

We are most of us glad to meet the quiet, cheerful man who is what is termed a Sane Optimist. He may seem to be a little perverse at times, to ignore what are to us definite and certain indications of coming trouble, but he does generally help us to carry on ; for to him the evil day was always yesterday. But, unless he is a great artist in words, he must be met in the flesh and not introduced to us through the medium of print. We must feel the glow of his personality ; he must impress us as a figure of some power, competent to deal with life's difficulties in as cheerful a manner as he belittles them, otherwise we may become critical of his sane optimism. And that is our trouble with Mr. Gilbert Stone. Diligent, good-natured as a writer—though not an artist in words, an enthusiast where modern progress is concerned, his latest work, "A History of Labour," fails to satisfy us. In spite of all his efforts he leaves us, not merely in a critical, but in a hypercritical mood.

Beginning with the slaves of ancient civilisations, he loosely but laboriously works his way through the centuries to the present day. The Feudal System, the freeing of the serf, the mediæval Guilds, the early factory system, the agrarian and industrial revolutions, and the rise of trade unionism, are all passed in review in Part One of the book ; Part Two being devoted to the present—the factory, the home, reforms and general tendencies. In the nature of things these many difficult matters cannot be exhaustively dealt with, and in the effort to give as wide a survey as possible, Mr. Stone fails to achieve anything definite or convincing. His canvas is too wide, his conception too vague, his interests are too narrow. His admiration for the work of dead reformers blinds him to so much of what is ugly but living reality. Entirely preoccupied with sentimental and much advertised political reforms and philanthropic efforts, he largely ignores the more brutal economic and financial facts which are making quite a large number even of "sane optimists" apprehensive regarding the near future. The blessings of Old Age Pensions, the Factory Acts, Poor Law Reform, Workmen's Compensation and other measures designed to ameliorate the lot of the sick, the aged and the unfortunate, will be belittled by nobody, and if we heard Mr. Stone descanting on their benefits we might feel a glow of pleasure ; but on reading him in cold print we are forced to meditate on the fact that millions of workers are to-day unemployed or partly employed, and to speculate on what is likely to happen in the future when already policemen's batons are needed in half a dozen towns as arguments to remind the unemployed of their duty to starve and suffer in silence.

One of Mr. Stone's difficulties is, of course, that he is obsessed with the political idea. Is not political power in the hands of the masses ? They have the vote and can make whatever laws they desire ! He apparently fails to realise how limited is the power of the masses to affect legislation, and how limited is the power of Parliament itself in the face of determined economic and financial interests. Finance, which can make or break governments, does not seem to interest him at all. How long can manufacturers hold out against the hostility of the financial interests, politics or no politics, and what can Labour do but tramp the streets when these great powers go to war ? These are questions vitally affecting Labour to-day, but they are questions Mr. Stone does not seem inclined to consider. From 1832 onwards the centre of all our activities seems to have been the ballot box. A century ago, we are told, "Whatever the evils of the system might be, however much the worker might object to the rough and abrupt change he was compelled to make, he had but little option in the matter. He had either to fall in with the new order of things, or go to the parish, or starve." That was at the beginning of the industrial revolution, and most of us would agree that the position of the industrial worker has vastly improved since those days—but hundreds of thousands of our countrymen who are now trying to rear families on the unemployment dole—so grudgingly paid ! —would disagree with us.

From Mr. Stone's generalities it is a real pleasure to turn to Mr. Sydney Herbert's clear and competent survey. His exhaustive examination of original documents, his cool judgment, and a true appreciation of real values have enabled him to produce a history of that part of the French Revolution which has been most positive and durable, the peasants' revolt. On the political side, French feudalism was destroyed by the monarchy. "The royal armies overthrew the feudal fortresses ; the royal law courts filched jurisdiction from the feudal judges ; the royal tax-gatherers thrust themselves between the noble and his vassals" ; but the economic power of the nobility was strengthened. With the extent and effect of the economic oppression of the nobles, their continual cry to the unhappy peasants of "give—more and yet more," and the consequent final destruction of feudalism, this book deals.

After outlining fully and clearly the state of the country under feudalism in 1789, Mr. Herbert steadily leads us through the first peasants' revolt, the insurrection of 1790, to the rural revolution of 1790–1 and the end of the feudal system. One conclusion Mr. Herbert draws from his study of the period should be seriously considered by every conservative-minded man to-day, when not merely a country, but a continent is cluttered up with clinging, outworn institutions. "The primary cause of revolutions," says Mr. Herbert, "is the survival of institutions, whether political or economic, which no longer fulfil their original function." That statement may not be entirely new, but it is profoundly true. When such institutions have outlived their utility, impeding the growth and hindering the development of the social organisation, it must free itself or perish. As French feudalism became functionless and yet remained obdurate, whilst the peasantry outgrew its oppressive and obsolete spirit, a clash was inevitable, and in the resulting struggle feudalism was shattered. It is the custom nowadays to pretend that the French Revolution was merely an orgy, achieving little but a welter of blood and misery ; but that is merely a pretence. As Mr. Herbert so succinctly states, "Governments have come and gone ; France has changed from Republic to Empire, from Empire to Monarchy, from Monarchy to Republic again, but two things have never changed : the peasants' grip upon French soil, and the rule which makes all Frenchmen subjects of an equal law."

ROWLAND KENNEY.

* "A History of Labour." By Gilbert Stone. 15s. (Harrap.)—"The Fall of Feudalism in France." By Sydney Herbert. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

From "THE STORY OF THE MIKADO"
By SIR W. S. GILBERT
Illustrated in colour by ALICE B. WOODWARD
(Daniel O'Connor).

PISH-TUSH RAN HIM OFF.

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SIR SIDNEY COLVIN'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

The sloven style, the trivial matter, of so many of the reminiscences, padded out into large volumes, which every publishing season pours forth, makes all the more welcome by contrast a book of memories that is both rich in interest and itself a piece of literature. Such is Sir Sidney Colvin's "Memories and Notes." It is a pleasure to read from beginning to end, if only for the exact and vivid phrasing, the sustained felicity of cadence, at times touching emotion and imagination at once with just that kind of beauty of sound in the words which is proper to fine prose. "With the deaths of these two, Trelawny and Severn, the great romantic age seemed to many of us to have receded out of living touch and reach into a past nearly intangible and remote." How much is conveyed through these quietly modulated words, and how movingly! They collect, too, as it happens, the pervading fascination of these pages. Any man who has lived through the Victorian era to this present day of ours has tasted an experience of world-change such as probably no other generation of men ever knew. But to have known so well so many of the great figures of that past time, already so queerly distant; to have been on terms of intimate and affectionate friendship with some of the most brilliant and most lovable among them; this is indeed an experience to be envied. Sir Sidney Colvin is familiarly known to all lovers of letters as the author of a classic life of Keats and an admirable and authoritative monograph on Landor; to an even wider circle as the dearest and closest friend of Louis Stevenson. To special students he is well known for his scholarship and learning in the history of the arts, the writer of works of research and insight on certain chapters in that history, especially the early engravings of Italy and of England, and the drawings by old masters of all the European schools. He is equally at home with classic literature and with antique sculpture. But even had he none of these acquirements and interests, he would have found material for fascinating reminiscences in a life rarely enriched by the genius for friendship.

In the opening of one of the best of these papers—that on Meredith—there is a beautiful description of Box Hill and of the associations called up by those slopes—"the steep, chalky declivities and gullies thicketed with juniper and boxwood"—which crowded on the writer's mind as he wandered over them alone on a clear autumn evening after storm; and he reminds us that when Meredith first settled at Flint Cottage it was just half a century since Keats made that fruitful stay at Burford Bridge, close by, when he wrote the last five hundred lines of "Endymion." It is over half a century now since Meredith settled on Box Hill; and the reminder of the dates seems somehow to bring Keats nearer, since it seems so short a time ago that Meredith passed "from his green hill." But to have shaken hands with Trelawny, to have grasped the hand which snatched Shelley's heart from the fire and still bore the scar of the burning on it, and to have heard that old rebel rouse himself from the lethargy of his eighty-eight years and recite, "with the full force of his tremendous voice," stanzas from Blake's "Songs of Experience" (how interesting to hear of Trelawny's enthusiasm for Blake, a poet only revealed to him through Gilchrist and Rossetti and unknown to Shelley and his circle); this is indeed a wonderful experience which seems to bridge the ages. Sir Sidney is master of a terse and vivid touch in portraiture: he makes us see as with our own eyes this strange and formidable figure of legend sitting in the parlour of his Sussex cottage, with his "face of ashen colour, the rough grey hair and beard and firmly modelled mouth set slightly awry, the hard, clear, handsome, aquiline profile, the masterful scowling grey eye"; an embroidered red cap with a stiff projecting peak of the fashion of Byron's day was on his head and two black-and-tan terriers at his feet. It was 1881, and Trelawny hoped the Boers would beat the British; he shouted defiantly, "I would fight for the Boers, I would fight for the Boers!" But this is only one of many living portraits that the book brings before our eyes. Here is Gladstone, whose electric personality was so forcibly present to the English mind while he lived, and whose tremendous prestige must seem rather difficult to account for to generations which only know him by name.

* "Memories and Notes of Persons and Places, 1852–1912." By Sir Sidney Colvin. (Arnold.)

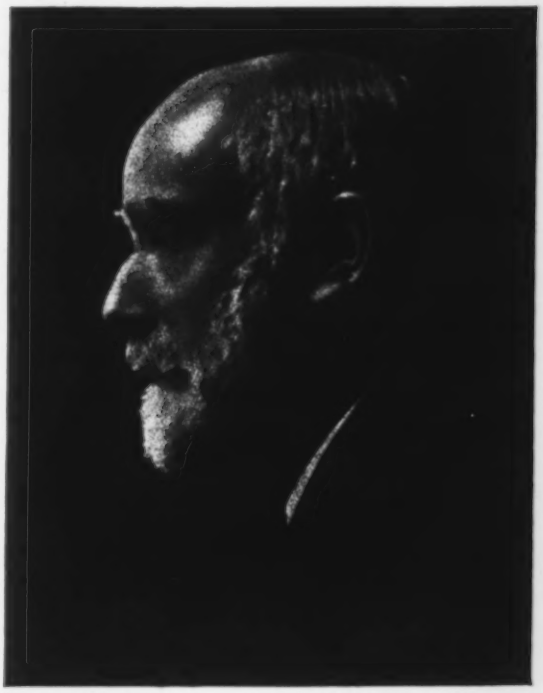

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir Sidney Colvin.**

"The spare, erect, commanding figure, the grandly modelled and deeply furrowed features, the vivid, almost luminous alabaster-like pallor of the skin, with the pure tint, even in extreme age, of the rare flush when it came, the formidable roll and far-reaching flash of the eye, like that which I have seen an old condor in captivity cast from his rock-perch in the public garden. . . ."

It is to be noted of Sir Sidney's portraiture that while his pen is not pointed by malice (so often a prompter to graphic wit), he is no soft idealiser, nor one who adorns the dead with haloes to contrast them with degenerate successors. No, it is a keen veracity, a profound belief that nothing is so interesting as human character in its full complexity of strength, weakness and good will, which gives so real a presence to the figures that appear in these pages. Of some, like George Eliot, we have only glimpses: but Sir Sidney Colvin, while still a small boy, made his first visit to Ruskin, whom his parents knew, and with whom he was never to be quite out of touch, though early enthusiasm for his writing became tempered by critical knowledge: he was consulted by Rossetti when preparing his poems for publication; he was a yet closer friend of Burne-Jones: he knew Browning, he knew Victor Hugo (the chapter on Hugo contains an unforgettable, a priceless anecdote), and better than any of these he knew George Meredith. There is a chapter on Sir Sidney's boyhood in Suffolk, where Edward Fitzgerald was a familiar figure; another on the British Museum, in which he lived and worked for thirty years, and on his senior colleague, Sir Charles Newton, to whom classical archæology in England owes so much and of whom no biography has been written. But the chapter to which perhaps most readers will turn first, and the longest in the book, is that on Stevenson. Already Sir Sidney finds that a legend is growing up about R. L. S., effacing or blurring the real image of the man as was, even as regards his personal appearance. We are assured that his complexion was never pale, nor his figure shadowy, nor his hair black. "The main physical fact about him

was that his heart was too big and its blood supply too full for his body." Well, whatever false pictures may have become current, they should be wiped out by the brilliant portraiture of these fascinating fifty pages. They contain several things which are new and unknown, and though no man of letters of our time is more familiar a personage than Stevenson, this chapter adds a bloom and sparkle to the picture we have of him in our minds, we who never knew that child of romance in the flesh. No reader will close this book without envying Sir Sidney the many friendships of a full life, but this friendship most of all.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THE JUNIOR TRENCHARDS.*

Having now a settled foundation to work upon—personalities already created and characters already formed—Mr. Hugh Walpole can carry on the family history of the Trenchards until time or disinclination puts an end to his task. We shall not complain if, after this novel which takes Henry and his sister Millicent through their first struggles to earn a living and their first love-affairs, he continues until Henry's children and Millicent's children have grown old enough to have love-stories of their own. Henry, as a father, would be a fascinating study with his sudden weaknesses, his quick impulsive actions, his dreamy industry; and Millicent, practical and strongly-loving, could hardly be less interesting.

In the present volume we have two distinct stories—that of Henry and of Millicent, which is a fault in construction; but the two are linked so finely by the beautiful sympathy between them that only academic and inhuman criticism could emphasise it as detracting from the pleasure or effect of the book as a whole. The letters of Henry to Millie, of her to him, stitch or weave together the plots into one piece; we feel how closely the two lives—the Trenchards—are united, and it is significant that in trouble they turn to one another as naturally as children to motherly arms. The scene where the girl, in a crisis of mental and spiritual anguish following the revelation of her lover's deception, finds her relief and salvation in Henry's sudden appearance and instant comprehension, is the finest thing in the novel, and the complete episode, covering two chapters (VIII and IX) forms perhaps the best and most moving climax of emotion to be found in any of Mr. Walpole's novels.

Henry is a "queer" fellow, and into what shape life will finally mould him is uncertain. His first fixed position is as secretary to an aristocrat of the old and outwardly chilly school; here he muddles the historical letters which he is engaged to set in order, but shows his genius in writing up the period and getting the "atmosphere," and his employer and friend, who dies, leaves him enough money to keep him for three years, by which time, presumably, the work contemplated will be published. Meanwhile Henry has fallen in love—with the face of a young girl seen in Piccadilly Circus, and though he follows the girl and eventually rescues her from a mother whose profession is clearly indicated, she, we are given to understand, has no awakening, and can respond only by friendship and gratitude. We feel that something better must be in store for the gentle, lovable Henry; it will be difficult to find the right mate for him, for he is of the class which often makes a failure of married life simply because he is too capable of entering into the feelings and moods of others, too responsive to sudden appeals.

For Millie, there remains the sturdy Peter Westcott, whose poor frail wife reappears for awhile, only to die in his rooms, sarcastic and uncomprehending to the last. Again we hardly see happiness on the horizon; but they are not yet avowed lovers.

The novel is one of a set, of equal value with its forerunners, neither greater nor less, but conceivably of a firmer, fuller texture. In the new characters introduced—the household of Victoria Platt, Millie's employer, and of Sir Charles Duncombe, among whose family archives Henry delved—Mr. Walpole's humour and interpretative gifts are admirably toned to produce some remarkably entertaining scenes which never touch an exaggerated note. Whether these people will reappear upon a fresh stage we do not know; but the whole story leaves us with a distinct impression, not definitely explicable by any particular evidence but caused by the richness of the general picture, that in Mr. Walpole's next essay in the history of the junior Trenchards we shall have something exceptionally fine.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

* "The Young Enchanted." By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

LEADERS UPON LEADERS.*

"Since the *British Weekly* was founded in 1886 I have been in the habit of writing tributes to notable figures in the Christian world." Sir William Robertson Nicoll generally did this when the man died, or when his biography was published. One of these appreciations was elicited by the centenary of F. W. Robertson's birth, but the rest are practically contemporary estimates, often penned under the immediate sense of loss. It is hardly necessary to say with what skill they are done. The salient points are seized, in a few deftly-drawn lines the figure is recalled to the memory, and the desired impression is made. It seems easy. How hard the art is, we only know if we read the recurring attempts to excel in it, frequently blurred by adulation or conventionality. This book is a short collection of first-rate examples, and its merits are more than literary. Its pages bring back to the mind men like Father Stanton, R. W. Dale, Henry Drummond, Martineau, and Lightfoot. Scotsmen predominate in the series, but its range is catholic. When D. M. Moir died in 1851, *Blackwood* paid a generous tribute to its old contributor, remarking at the end that "Bright as the flowers may be which are twined for the coronal of the poet, they have no glory when placed beside the wreath which belongs to the departed Christian." It is the Christian quality in these men which Sir William singles out, and to which he pays delicate, discriminating homage. The result is a delightful book, which stirs reminiscences, and pleases by its accurate perception and fresh phrasing.

"A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." Carlyle's grumble is echoed by anyone who has had to dip into ecclesiastical biographies. Good men are often buried hopelessly in a dull, inartistic biography compiled by some one who has never learned the art of compression and never realised how to use letters. In speaking of the biography of Dr. Begg, the truculent Free Church leader in Scotland of last century, Sir William notes, for example, how badly the great leaders of the Disruption have fared in their official "Lives." "With two or three exceptions they are deplorable, presenting the images of fussy, bigoted ecclesiastics, always making speeches or taking part in petty quarrels, and completely dissociated from the larger world of culture. In comparison with Dr. Begg's life, however, the worst of them is a classic. The book is, in short, a heap of hay and stubble with one or two needles hopelessly lost therein." Dr. Martineau's composite biography was an English counterpart.

It is the preaching genius which is hailed as a rule in men like Dr. Parker, Canon Liddon and Mr. Spurgeon. But Dean Church is singled out for his journalism. It is well to be reminded that he shone as a Christian journalist, and that his main interest lay in the *Guardian*, "which he helped to found, to which he was a constant contributor, and by which in many anxious crises he virtually shaped the policy of the Church of England."

I find it difficult to share Sir William's regret that Lightfoot was not spared "to accomplish the next labour he had proposed to himself—a commentary on Ephesians." Lightfoot, as Sir William admits, "does not yoke himself with the mind of St. Paul." His interpretations of Pauline

* "Princes of the Church." By Sir William Robertson Nicoll, C.H., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

thought are never equal to his historical estimates of evidence. Hort was right in missing the effort to collocate Paul's thought with the facts of life, such as is made in Jowett's pages. And Ephesians has soaring passages which would not have appealed to Lightfoot. Consider how little even Westcott made of them in his edition! What Lightfoot would have done superbly well was an edition of Acts.

One of the incidental pleasures of reading this book is to come across remarks like these. "The public ear, though easy to gain, is hard to keep." "Drummond did justice to that restfulness of Christianity which lies behind its spiritual sharpness and searchingness." And this on personal injuries—"We may sin by resenting them, and we may sin by forgiving them." "We cannot think," says Sir William, "that such a book as 'Types of Ethical Theory,' can easily be dethroned."

We are told that the biographer of Professor Flint "does not tire us with the dreary drip of incessant panegyric, but he knows, and makes it clear that he knows, how great and noble was the man he is dealing with." These estimates are real and appreciative. We are grateful to Sir William Robertson Nicoll for what he has done, and for the style and spirit in which he has done it.

JAMES MOFFATT.

Novel Notes.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. By Hamilton Fyfe. 7s. 6d. (Parsons.)

The ideal of the first woman in this story is intellectual advancement, independence; that of the second woman is maternity. The first detests children; the second adores them. Given a normal, healthy man, married, as one might say under false pretences, to the brilliant unemotional first, meeting afterwards at a critical point the sweet, physically attractive second, and we have the framework upon which Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has stretched a canvas for his picture of life. If the framework is familiar, the picture is one that few novelists could have painted so unfalteringly, and the last strokes, where we almost held our breath lest his hand should fail, are the strongest and best of all. To betray any more of the plot, or to hint at the ending, would be unfair; it is enough to say that with fine courage, skill and clearness the author handles a situation which could have been irremediably spoiled by a false touch or a concession to the conventional. This of course we say in the name of art; how the problem thus solved would work out in actual life depends upon the temperament of those who might be concerned; conceivably it might lead to happiness, but more probably the position would be one of unstable equilibrium. In the exposition of his principal characters nothing could be better than Mr. Fyfe's method of conversational lucidities. Muriel fascinates Halstead, the rising barrister, by her ability, her knowledge of the law, her taste, her quick response to intellectual stimulus; Margaret wins him by her glow of womanhood; she is the potential mother personified. Every other person is placed clearly in relation to these two principals, and in the good, bewildered Bishop, whose wise and well-meant counsels become so irritating to everybody in turn, is a figure who may well stand for conventional morality with its back to the wall when confronted by a puzzling proposition—the "hard case" which makes "bad law," or, as Edward Halstead says, the "bad laws which make hard cases." The book is an acute social study, with none of the "dryness" usually coupled with such a phrase, and it is written without the slightest levity, yet with a constant sense of the humorous. Behind it all there is the perception of serious matters which sooner or later will demand more attention than to-day is given to them, and we extend cordial congratulations to Mr. Fyfe for presenting a complex situation so cogently and brilliantly.

THE QUALIFIED ADVENTURER. By Selwyn Jepson. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

At the outset Peter Duff was a journalist; sub-editor of a popular series of "Adventure Novels" in a large publishing house which we think it would not be difficult to identify. But he was not contented to edit and occasionally write stories of adventure; he was always hankering to live such stories as he had read and written, and one day he was offered the chance to do so and took it. As agent for a soft-voiced, mysterious little man whom he met in the café where he always took his lunch, he went a voyage in search of a lost treasure, the secret of whose hiding place the little man had bought; and with such a captain as Captain Fellowes, so charming a girl as his capable, unmanageable daughter Jimmy, such a treacherous ruffian as Weames, and that excellent Chinese cook, Yen San, keeping a surprise up his sleeve, all aboard with him, things were bound to happen, and they did, before the treasure was secured, and especially afterwards. It is a capital tale of love and adventure among lawless people and in wild places. Well contrived, written crisply, vividly, with a touch of humour and a sense of character, it is as glamorous and exciting a sensational romance as any we have read for some time.

MENDOZA AND A LITTLE LADY. By William Caine. 6s. net. (Putnams.)

Mendoza bids fair to become a character in fiction who will live outside the confines of the novel in which he is placed. He is a rare creation. "If he was drawing slums out of doors for his own amusement, until the impulse to draw slums out of doors for his own amusement should leave him, it was a thousand to one he would decline to undertake any sort of commission. Yet one never knew. Success was always possible. The proposal might say something to him, whisper some happy idea; and then he would drop his slumming (or what not) at once and resume money-making. He refused work, now because he disliked the way it was offered, now because his mood was for a pen-picture story and a coloured poster was wanted, again because he was busy on an etching." Yet no less real, and only a little less magnetic, is the careless Raymond Adkin—besieged, if anyone was, with the artistic temperament. And no less real, and scarcely less lovable, the little lady herself, who drew minute pictures of the decorative type and "liked to see how much she could get on to the back of a postage-stamp." These three form the trio in a romance where humour and pathos mingle in a manner essentially Mr. Caine's own—a romance in which Punchester, the Righteous Man—with whom "to have to pay a fair price for a beautiful thing robbed it at once, in his sight, of all desirableness"—plays the rôle of ogre, keeping Adkin and Ottilie on tenterhooks, between hope and despair, that he may get good material dirt cheap for his influential journal, *The Useless Magazine*. Punchester is a masterpiece—so suave, so contemptible, that we share Adkin's triumph to the full when, instead of agreeing to the Righteous Man's low terms, he is able to treat him airily and refuse to take on any further work for him at the moment. Of course he has to thank the little lady for that glorious independence, and Mendoza too—for Mendoza, at some personal inconvenience, is adept at executing the duties of guardian angel. Yes, Mr. Caine has achieved another novel that is sparklingly alive; something real, not in the sordid sense, but with the reality of laughter and tears.

ANTHONY LYVEDEN. By Dornford Yates. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

For its abundant wit, never due to the fortuitous use of clichés, and never "cheap," the discriminating reader will thank the author of this delightful novel. Major Anthony Lyveden as footman, in love with a society girl who knows all about his state of mind, presents opportunities for farce which might easily tempt the unwary and unwise; we are pleased to see that they are ignored and that the truer humour of situation and clever dialogue is developed. The fun, however, is merely incidental to an absorbing

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story which contains some very serious work; and a word or two of praise must go to the style of the prose. Without pronouncing that double-edged dictum to the effect that the author has "evolved a style of his own," we may express pleasure at the fact that Mr. Yates can apostrophise the reader and use the first person singular without inducing—to put it mildly—annoyance, and that the interludes of the fate-buffeted Major with "Patch," his beloved terrier, are not introduced at haphazard. The dog in fact is charming, a splendidly drawn portrait, a character having his lawful place in the plot; he is on the first page, and on the last. The end is not a "conclusion"—it is on the note of crisis, with promise of a sequel. To this all readers, we believe, will look forward eagerly.

GENTLEMAN—UNAFRAID. By M. P. Thomasset. (Drane.)

The theme of the wounded soldier requires delicate treatment if it is to serve as the basis of a novel. Jimmy Charteris, the hero of this story, has been very badly wounded, so sorely that he cannot speak, but has to write what he wishes to say; also he is on crutches, having lost a leg. As "a remnant of a man" he feels that any definite advances to the girl he loves are out of the question; he becomes morbid, and is inclined to isolate himself from all healthy friendships. The story tells the method of his healing; it traces the slow change in his outlook, until at the finish we find all misunderstandings cleared up and the lovers at peace. Considered critically, there is too "sweet" an atmosphere, too generous a sprinkling of pathos and sentiment, especially in the scene where Charteris visits the church. This lack of strength and restraint, however, does not materially hinder the reader's appreciation of a gentle, pleasant tale, and there are pages in which a quiet humour gives colour to some excellent dialogue. The various adventures of the principal character in his wanderings are well described, and there is much skill in the gradual development of his attitude towards life, from the misanthropic stage to optimism and sanity.

THE RED KNIGHT: A ROMANCE. By F. Brett Young. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

For his new novel Mr. Brett Young has hit upon an excellent idea, which he has handled most happily. He imagines a Mediterranean island, called Trinacria, the ancient name of Sicily, revolting against and massacring its hereditary king and subsequently submitting to the dominion of a fanatical Communist who quickly finds himself compelled to establish a dictatorship and to rule by fusillades, executions and bombardments. A young Englishman, whose mother was a native of the island and who had been a friend and disciple of the dictator when he was an exile in London, manages to get to Trinacria and promptly enters the Bolshevik service as secret agent. The course which the narrative subsequently runs every practised lover of romance will easily guess. Robert Bryden, the agent-provocateur, falls in love with Maddalena Farace, the very girl on whose movements he has to spy. In the end, distracted between love for his Royalist sweetheart and loyalty to his Communist chief, Bryden blows out his brains just as Enrico Massa, the dictator, is returning triumphantly from the thirteenth attempt to assassinate him. The interest is tense from start to finish, the descriptions are admirably graphic, and the scenes between the lovers are highly wrought but never hectic. "The Red Knight" indeed is a thoroughly lifelike and absorbing romance. With Henry Ainley for hero and Cathleen Nesbit for heroine it would make a fine stage play.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE. By Harold Bell Wright. 8s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Distinctly a novel with a lesson, if not with a "purpose," "Helen of the Old House" will make a very strong appeal by reason of its clever treatment of love and labour questions. It is a strange mixture, but not altogether new; Robert Herrick, Mr. Wright's compatriot, has dealt with the same theme, if we remember rightly. Helen, the daughter of a mill-owner, is brought into contact with a lower level of existence when she makes friends with two ragged children whose father is employed in the mill; through her talks with them she begins to think things out for herself. Her brother John, with ideas which compel him to fraternise with the workmen, is a well-conceived character, and the story of the labour crisis and strike engineered by a foreign agitator is vividly told. There is rather too much "talk" on socialistic matters and the relationship between capital and labour, several people of the book committing themselves to pages of platitudes; but apart from this the change in Helen's views and the general situation between the employers and the union of mill-workers is conveyed with skill. The love story of John, who wins the daughter of one of his father's employees, and of Helen, who emphasises the position by falling in love with one of her father's workmen, give a pleasing thread of colour to a novel which is constructed on the most approved lines of transatlantic "uplift."

TONY SANT. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. 8s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

In spite of the quiet humour that pervades this book, its theme is essentially sad: the innocence of a young girl misinterpreted so that her whole life is embittered and she herself driven to the infamy for which she was blamed. The truth that Tony Sant learns from this hard lesson compensates in some measure for her unjust sufferings—in that, and in the excellent character studies, lies the chief motives of the novel. Tony, driven from her native town by a cruel misunderstanding, accepts the help of a man who later demands more than mere friendship; ill-health and inability to find work force her hand, and she accedes to his suggestion, only to be left friendless and penniless when he dies. From a guileless, weak, unthinking girl, the woman Tony develops, and we follow her progress with interest to the realisation of her life's philosophy. That the book is written with charm and artistic finish goes without saying—it is a worthy successor to Mrs. Peel's previous novels and should secure her an even larger circle of admirers.

THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER. By F. E. Penny. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Penny has long ago established herself as one of the most faithful and vivid writers upon Anglo-Indian life, and her wide knowledge of its inner phases has enabled her to keep her work fresh and interesting. In her new novel she has once more taken a real as well as a modern problem for her central theme, and has woven around it with her accustomed skill a deeply interesting and human story. We should not be surprised if "The Rajah's Daughter" proves one of her most popular, as it certainly is one of her best books. In this novel Mrs. Penny is rather more concerned with native life than Anglo-Indian life. But readers are unlikely to grumble because at the present time native India and its inhabitants bulk large in the public eye. Most readers will fall in love with the chief girl character, the Princess Charma, whose misfortune in a sense it has been to have received a Western education, and to have tasted the sweets of Western freedom. She is exceedingly well and clearly drawn. One understands her and knows her. She has spent the war years in England, and when the story opens is about to return to her native land. She has acquired much during the years of her stay, but Mrs. Penny's picture of her shows very plainly that Kipling was right when he gave us the dictum, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." It is not easy perhaps for the Western reader to accept the fact that ten years in England and the freedom she experienced should leave the little, dainty and charming Princess to fall so easy a victim, on her return to India, to the rules of her caste and creed. But one grasps in Mrs. Penny's pages at least some idea of the

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON,

whose "IF WINTER COMES" (Hodder & Stoughton)
is one of the most successful novels of the year.

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By GEORGE MORROW.

Hostile voice in the crowd: "WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR?"
Park Orator (crescendo): "WOT DID *I* DO? WHY, I TRIED TO STOP THE BLINKIN' THING."

From "HUMOURS OF THE STREET" *By G. L. STAMPA.*
(Methuen).

From "HUMOURS OF THE STREET" FIRST-AID
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From "REYNARD THE FOX"
By JOHN MASEFIELD
Illustrated by G. D. ARMOUR
(Heinemann).

HARK THERE TO DAFFODIL—HARK, HARK!"

futility of struggling against the traditions of an Eastern people. Not the least interesting feature of the story is the vista one gets of the inner life of Indian women. The members of the Rajah's family are described in some detail. In Raman Das, the secretary who, like the little Princess, has received a European education, one has a finely-drawn character. There is pathos indeed in the picture of the little Princess, who at first has some considerable liberty given her, until she is purified from the contamination with a Western race and can be received again into the zenana, and go to her elderly husband by whom she was espoused as a mere child. As the matter is left it would appear at present that a Western education can only lead to tragedy in the case of an Indian woman.

ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE. By Denis Macail. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Elizabeth Smith has disappeared and left no address with her friends, and John Ormroyd is thinking of inserting an advertisement when he comes across one already in *The Times*. He brought it to Mrs. Cartwright. "'What do you think of that?' asks John, in the tone in which Michael Angelo may be imagined to have shown visitors the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel." To say the least, this is not the most natural comparison, and may be taken as an illustration of how the author is continually drawing his reader's attention away from the story. Of course to some such a reference will be illuminating and add its own flavour, but to the many it will be just an irritation. This is to assume that even the general reader is not likely to skip much of this story, whilst the more penetrating reader will quietly add one more character to the book—the author. Mrs. Cartwright very quickly realised that she must leave her husband. She was hard hit but not broken. One by one, beautiful things passed out of her life, but she believed in the light that had failed for her. Disillusioned, she was not dismayed and thus her heart kept young though the years were added. In a gripping story which takes us not only behind the footlights but within the intricacies of theatre management, the author shows how light and healing comes to those who sit in darkness—but with their face toward the east. As you finish the book you think of the sun rather than the spots.

The Bookman's Table.

IN MANY KEYS. By Millicent Wedmore. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

How to allot, in right and just proportion, his judgment between intention (which may be taken as always good) and performance (which is often poor) when poising his pen for the verdict on a volume of poems, is often the critic's serious dilemma. By the performance, the actual printed verses, the poet asks to be judged by the public; and it is a happy case when, as in the present slight but not negligible book of varied lyrics, intention and its fruit are not easily separated. Miss Wedmore fails here and there through lack of sufficiently stern self-criticism, but she has inspiration, the faculty of interpreting a scene or an event in terms of more than mere physical vision, and, in some of the poems here collected, she gives clear proof of creative power. A few of the poems are suggested—not inspired—by the war, and in the colloquial method used, for example, in "The Connaughts at Cambrai," there is little distinction. It has been done too often, and rarely with a thrill; Gilbert Frankau's "Rifleman Brown" was one of the striking instances of recent years. But in a grimly moving lyric such as the one entitled "Concussion," Miss Wedmore reaches a higher plane; she touches the reader's heart; dread, tenderness, pain, the relief of death, are entangled in the mesh of living, simple words, and the reason is that it was inspired, not suggested only, by a familiar yet never insignificant

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss Millicent Wedmore.**

experience of war's horror. Turning from these poems to those on gentler themes, we find the appeal of the West Country strongly expressed in several charming stanzas, full of feeling for beloved Cornwall, its spacious seas, rocky coasts and heathery moorlands. If a critic who loves Cornwall is confronted with a poet sharing that love, what hard words can be said? None, obviously, if the poet has any right to the name; and Miss Wedmore has the indisputable right. "Cornwall in Hospital" is a little picture, a miniature of memory, which leaves a smile and a sigh; and "A Grave in the Sand Dunes" has the mysterious call of the West in every line. In the purely lyrical vein one of the best poems is "Pisky Gardens." It has the real melody, and the whole poem is successful. With a little determination to make "good" into "better," we shall have from Miss Wedmore more that is creative, and less that is merely the recording of impressions in a beautiful manner.

THE EVOLUTION OF CIVILISATION. By Joseph McCabe. 3s. 6d. (Watts.)

Mr. McCabe is doing splendid work in bringing a comprehension of evolution within the reach of those who have not leisure to make an exhaustive study of the subject. To many the somewhat heavy and technical volumes published on this all-absorbing question appear too formidable for intimate acquaintance, and they are satisfied with a rough idea of the principles of evolution, regarding it as dull and tedious in detail. Mr. McCabe's writings are a direct contradiction to such an assumption. His little book last year, "The A B C of Evolution," whetted the appetite for a fuller knowledge of the causes and development of the life teeming around us. Several who read that have since gone probing deeper and deeper for themselves, and will be eager to possess the sequel which goes on where the "A B C" left off, and traces the evolution of society. The volume comes at an opportune time, and concerns itself with vital matters of to-day. Its point of view is sane and unbiased: "It is knowledge of reality that counts. We have created a social environment which, however little it may promote fine sentiment or fine character, does beyond question promote intelligence." Mr. McCabe argues that we have far outdistanced every previous civilisation in knowledge, science and intellectual development. The book concludes on a high note of hope for the future: the end of life is what man chooses to make it. "We are going to develop what is most clearly worth developing in us. . . . We are going to eliminate

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pain, unhappiness, ignorance, coarseness, violence and poverty, as far as possible. We are going to have a hundred commonwealths, ten thousand cities, competing with each other in realisation of this ideal . . . when the war drums beat no longer and the strong have ceased to exploit the weak." With so much of promise in the progress of science he makes us feel we dwell in a dark age indeed, where the light of to-morrow has only just commenced to glimmer.

AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR EVERYBODY. By S. P. B. Mais. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

All the usual defects of Mr. Mais are here, for he seems to be quite incorrigible. He quotes profusely, making his essays another mode of anthology, and he is slangy, rowdy, and confident. He tries to show us how to read, how to speak, how to write, how to criticise, and how to enjoy books, and his own writing is an example of how not to do it. But the point not to be overlooked is that Mr. Mais really does enjoy good stuff, and is energetically fervent in his attempts to make other people enjoy. He feels that in this age of low pleasures he must get down to the lowest level to find his converts, and he therefore talks to his readers in their own slang, and tries to jazz them into seriousness. Perhaps the safest thing we can say about the volume is that readers for whom this sort of thing is suitable will find this very suitable.

THE HISTORY OF THE 9th (SCOTTISH) DIVISION, 1914-1919. By John Ewing, M.C. Illustrated. 36s. net. (John Murray.)

Everybody knows Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand" which describes life and training in a Scottish battalion of the new army raised in response to Kitchener's call in 1914. That battalion later formed part of the famous 9th Division, whose plain, authentic history is here set down from its beginning to its close, when the division—then part of the garrison of defeated Germany—was dissolved in March, 1919. It went to France in May, 1915. Keen, home trained, eager to take on itself some of the burdens that weighed so heavily on the British troops, after three months' training in trench warfare it was entered in the battle of Loos, and bore a splendid, stubborn part in that enterprise of mingled success and failure. Having measured themselves against the best of Germany at its height, the men were imbued with the sense of superiority and esprit de corps that went on growing and deepening throughout the course of the war. The division shared in practically all the important actions of the struggle except Messines and Cambrai—Vimy Ridge, the Butte de Warlencourt, Arras, Passchendaele. It was immortally part of the immortal Fifth Army under Gough in March, 1918, and on March 24th the South African Brigade, reduced to 500 men all told including Head-quarters Staff, after three nights without sleep, held up the whole line of German advance for over seven hours. Completely surrounded but unconquered until all their ammunition was gone, the Germans flooded over them still desperately fighting, the Brigadier himself still firing a machine gun as the enemy laid hands on him. The whole narrative is a sober epic, balanced, critical, candid as to mistakes, ripe and complete in information—indeed it is almost a model of what a divisional history should be. The illustrations in colour, after paintings specially made by Captain Hodges, are remarkable records of the places with which the division and its heroic feats were conspicuously connected.

SEX AND COMMON SENSE. By A. Maude Royden. 4s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

At a time when there is so much loose talk of "superfluous women," Miss Royden's book comes as a light in the darkness. Those who attended her Sunday evening addresses in the Kensington Town Hall will remember the controversy and enthusiasm they evoked. Here the lectures are reproduced almost in their original form, together with further matter on the same subject. She attacks questions which prudery and convention gloss over and try to ignore, with a courage and clear-sightedness that compel admiration, taking up cudgels on behalf of the "superfluous" women, and stating in plain terms what is so obviously common sense that it seems impossible any should dispute it:

"I want to combat with all my power," she says, "this ancient but un-Christlike belief that women miss their object in life if they are not wives and mothers. . . . I ask you to consider for a moment what your attitude to men on this subject is. . . . If a man does not marry, or if there are more men than women in a certain country, as for instance in Australia or Western Canada to-day, nobody speaks of those men as though they were 'superfluous,' as though they had ceased to have any real object for existence. People will realise that it is a hardship—a very great hardship—in their lives; they will be apt to excuse them for getting what they can get if they cannot get everything; but no human being talks of the 'superfluous man' in any of our great Dominions. People always realise that a man has a *human* value, and that however great the influence of the sex side of him, he still is a human being, he still has his value in the world, even supposing that he should live and die celibate. It you can try to put your mind into that attitude towards women, you will, I think, see . . . that a woman may and does suffer if she does not fulfil the whole of her nature, and yet that it is a monstrous fallacy to affirm that, because of that, she ceases to have any reason for existence; that she is a futile life, a person who does not really 'count.'"

Miss Royden opens a way out to the woman whose natural instincts have been thwarted; she has a message for the woman who must look for her vocation in the world, and not in the home. And her personality which has made itself a poignant factor in the church and on the public platform, finds expression here in a difficult and much misunderstood problem. Every thinking man and woman should have a copy of her book; it says the things that have been waiting to be said for a long while; says them boldly but with a tolerance and largeness of heart such as we expect, and never fail to discover, in this pioneer in spiritual and moral thought.

A HISTORY OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS. By S. C. Roberts, M.A. 17s. 6d. net. (Cambridge Press.)

Mr. Roberts has not merely told the story of his own University Press, but made a pleasant contribution to literary history. Merely to handle the finely printed volume, with its excellent paper, print and illustrations, is a real pleasure. The author begins with John Siberch, printer of the first Cambridge book in 1521—in the very dawn of English printing—and brings us right up to the present year, telling us something about such famous persons as Erasmus, Fuller, Milton, and Sir Isaac Newton. His lists of printers and publications at the end of the volume are of high bibliographical value. How accurate the press-work and reading can be at Cambridge is known to every one who has had occasion to use that press. An American professor records with gratitude in one of his volumes that five hundred quarto pages of elaborate mathematical tables were set up with less than a dozen printers' errors; and, recently, the compiler of a large dictionary printed at the Press insisted on presenting a copy of his volume to the reader whose eagle eye had contributed so much to the accuracy of the work. The present volume is a thoroughly enjoyable piece of reading.

THE BOOK OF THE PISTOL AND REVOLVER. By Captain Hugh B. C. Pollard. 15s. (Philpot.)

As a history of the small, handy firearm, and a guide to its practical use, this well-written and arranged volume is invaluable to those who are likely to require the aid of "powder and shot" in an emergency. Full descriptions of the various types are given, special chapters dealing with "The Automatic Pistol" and "The Pocket Automatic and Revolver" in a very clear and interesting manner. The sections on "Learning to Shoot" and "Speed Shooting" are thoroughly up to date and instructive; in fact no point which can be of use to the student appears to have been overlooked. With this reissue of an excellent book to consult, and a fair amount of practice, we can imagine the most peacefully-inclined citizen tempted to become a "crack."

Music.

BEETHOVEN TO-DAY.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

Beethoven in 1817.
From a painting by Kloeber.

IT is given to a few of mankind to become immortal through the enduring life and energy of their deeds or creations; and of these human immortals some three or four are raised higher still in heaven's hierarchy, as part of the world's mythology, typifying for ever the whole art or activity of which they were a portion. Thus, Socrates is more than a philosopher: he is Philosophy; Newton is more than a scientist: he is Science. Dante is more than a poet with extant works: he stands for the "something after death," as Shakespeare stands for the whole human comedy of loves and griefs and terrors:

> "Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
> Gaudia, discursus, . . ."

and more even than that. So, when we imagine a figure who shall body forth the beauty and majesty of music and its mysterious power over man, it is of Beethoven that we think, and of no one else. Beethoven is not only a musician, he is Music.

This deification of mortal man is sometimes hard on the innocent person. Even the Roman emperors found it tiresome to be gods. Man not only deifies instinctively, he defies instinctively, and rebels against the gods he cannot help creating. And so one mocker denounces Socrates as the arch-humbug; another declares of Dante that his reputation will never wane, because no one ever reads him. The denials of Shakespeare would need a whole book for their record, and even then a multitude of minor rebellions would be left unregistered. Thus, recently, one man, a doctor of letters and a power in the world of education, informed me peremptorily that he preferred Webster to Shakespeare, and regarded the matter as officially settled. Another enthusiast confessed to preferring Otway. There were some who even preferred Sheridan Knowles.

We need therefore be neither alarmed nor surprised that there exists at present a reaction against Beethoven. His most vociferous opponents are to be found among the ultra-modernists (mostly very young), the disciples of Stravinsky and the disciples of Satie, who correspond in music to the numerous and irreconcilable groups of rebels in the world of pictures. Living art cannot stand still repeating the utterances of the dead. It must always go forward, and it will go forward by means of the young, who, with the impetuosity of youth, will go not merely forward, but go too far, and sometimes get lost. For such there are no search parties. The impatient young will always be found denouncing some or other of the mighty dead, whose calm, statuesque supremacy appears to obstruct the revolution they are in such haste to effect. When a Gainsborough and a Reynolds are sold for two hundred thousand pounds can we be surprised if a wail of horror goes up from Chelsea? Youth is always eager, hasty, anxious to clear the ground for its own accomplishments by destruction and extermination. It is the story of all progress, of all revolution; and those who know even a little about the history of human art and society will be able to recall many risings and reactions, advances and retreats, that have ended in giving mankind just as much actual progress as mankind can safely put to use. It is certainly better for music in England that Lord Berners and Arthur Bliss should go on composing their own odd stuff than that they should follow the Victorian composers who sheepishly imitated Mendelssohn and Brahms, and left nothing really English, except the comic operas of Sullivan, which were deplored by the academics as a degradation of talent. There is nothing extraordinary in the exuberance of youth. Musical young men decry Beethoven as sporting young men take to ski-jumping, or doing the Cresta Run, for the sake of the sensation they make. Those whose instrument is the pen indite a Swan song to help their friends; and these are sometimes geese.

But the plain man is disconcerted by what may be called the election literature and political riots of art. He has just enjoyed the Leonora Overture or the *Allegretto* of the Seventh Symphony, and then reads with distress and discouragement that Beethoven is a back number and his music nothing but rhetoric. Here are two mild examples of what I mean. One musical critic, who takes a serious view of his duties as a public educator, warned the readers of his column that it is impossible to be interested in Beethoven's *Adagios* now except historically. Another (and this a wit, you will perceive) observed something to this effect: "But then I remembered that Beethoven was dead, or, rather, I reflected that he had never been alive." The music-lover need not, I repeat, be perturbed by utterances like these. They are no more than what I called them, samples of election literature, or coterie criticism. They are impotent against greatness.

Certainly there is nothing fresh in a revolt from Beethoven.

> "The world rolls round, mistrust it not,
> Befalls again what once befell."

The noble ideals, the sense of national exaltation and spiritual destiny, called out by the tragedy of 1914, have collapsed and left us bankrupt and desperate. But it was the same in 1814. The high hopes that thrilled good men at the great uprising of 1789 were gone. No longer was it "bliss in that dawn to be alive"; and with the hopes of the lofty had gone the fears of the base. The hungry kings were brave again, and sat round their board in Vienna to part mankind once more among them; and in that false, heartless capital of an empire about which history can hardly say one good thing, the trivial hearts of the princelings turned from Beethoven and found their measure in Rossini's "Tancredi." Beethoven and Mozart were denounced as pedants, amusing only through their stupidity. "Fidelio" was discovered to be not only wearisome (as some later persons have found it) but utterly unmusical; and melody was declared to have been restored to the world by the roulades of Rossini. I should be loath to say a single word against Rossini, whose light frivolous music is delicious everywhere, except in the "Stabat Mater." But, after all, the great heart of mankind knows in the end the difference between "The Barber of Seville" and the C minor Symphony. Even Vienna returned to Beethoven. But the Vienna of 1816 hadn't the ever-delightful "Barber," it had only the would-be tragic "Tancredi"; and declaring Beethoven and Mozart unmelodious, it went mad over "Di tanti palpiti."

What is it that we of to-day find better than Beethoven? I sat not long ago in the stalls of a theatre when a new Russian ballet was produced. Immediately in front of me was a young woman with short dyed hair and with her back naked almost to the waist. In the interval, in the full glare of the theatre lights, she produced a mirror and a stick of carmine and publicly coloured her lips; she then took out a comb, and proceeded to comb her unnatural hair, calmly and elaborately. On the stage, a woman (known by the audience to be a young man in disguise) was "married" to a drunken merchant, whose amorous attentions became so persistent, that the young man feigned an attack of diarrhœa and fled hastily through the window. The music, ultra-modern, cleverly and faithfully accompanied all the incidents presented on the stage, and the audience laughed in enjoyment. Well, the preference of the Viennese may have been unworthy but it was not detestable. "Tancredi" does not need disinfection. The Overture may still be heard tinkling under the hands of elderly lady duettists in remote rural drawing-rooms, and men have been known to recognise "Di tanti palpiti" when they hear a phrase of it in the Meistersinger. It is not surprising, then, that the election agents for Prokofiev find it necessary to denounce Beethoven as the abhorred leader of the "rhetorical," the "subjective," the "emotional" realm of music.

It is his glory, not his shame, that he is so denounced. Beethoven was, in the noblest sense, a Puritan and a Republican, a singer of the liberty and dignity of man, a lofty spirit who stood proudly erect among the German lordlings when the supple and successful Goethe was bareheaded, bowing to the ground; a reverent Pagan, a great lover of nature in all her moods, tender to every living thing, and almost a worshipper of trees and flowers and rural beauty. In personal rectitude he was a "man of Plutarch," the noblest Roman of them all, and his life, under the closest scrutiny, shows, indeed, the weaknesses of a proud spirit and a heart almost dog-like in response to affection, but nothing, not a trace, that can be called mean or base or unclean. It was his fate to love man, woman and child, not wisely, but too well, and never to have love returned to redeem his tragic isolation. Deafness lacks the romantic appeal of blindness; but a deaf musician is stricken in the very heart of life, and so deaf Beethoven lives always in our minds with

> "Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
> And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:"

Play over the "Grave" introduction to the "Sonata Pathétique," written when, in the dawn of maturity, he first realised the incurable horror of his fate, and you will hear the cry of a great heart, just as in the "Adagio"—the despised, historical "Adagio"—you will hear a great heart's resignation. Note the "Grave" passage, too, for another reason. It is the first time that note is heard in music, and its utterance is so deeply tragic, that Wagner remembered it and used it when he came to write "Tristan."

Let the healthy music-lover of to-day, then, haunting the Promenade Concerts on Friday evenings or making acquaintance with the finer pleasures of chamber music, pay no more heed than he wishes to the election literature of the latest candidates for fame. Beethoven remains where he was, master of masters, the initiator of modern music, making old forms live again and filling them with unimagined significance. Compare the great "Fantasia" Sonata of Mozart with Beethoven's last Sonata in C minor and observe how much further into the infinite the music has gone. If "difficulties" attract you, there are difficulties enough here for any virtuoso. I have heard many pianists play at or with this Sonata, but only one have I heard play it. Consider the "Adagio" (another despised, historical "Adagio") of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata, and ask if any other musician before or since has got that measure of music out of two hands on a keyboard, even though the piano has conquered new worlds since Beethoven's day. Think of the Sonata called "Appassionata," and the irresistible march of its dramatic utterance. Or turn to the Sonatas for violin and piano, especially the C minor, the popular A major, and the G major, and find, if you can, anything finer for that combination of instruments. In the world of quartet music Beethoven's supremacy is indisputable. With all their difference of scale and scope, there is scarcely one, from Op. 18 to Op. 135, that cannot be called great, and there are some that must be called greatest. Let us be definite and say, for instance, that no finer music for strings has ever been written than the three quartets forming Op. 59. Even the quartets do not exhaust his chamber music, for are there not the great piano Trios? It is now almost unnecessary to speak of his orchestral music, for the symphonies of Beethoven have become part of Everyman's music; but among the shorter pieces let us not forget to notice those perfect tragedies in little, the "Coriolan" and "Egmont" overtures.

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XUM

But Beethoven was human, remember, and sometimes wrote beneath himself. We do wrong to a great memory if we try to pretend, for instance, that "The Mount of Olives" is interesting for any reason—except perhaps for some surprising reminiscences of Mozart's operas and some even more surprising anticipations of Gilbert and Sullivan. Yet though he wrote things that are inferior, he wrote nothing that was bad. In the many works his patient industry put forth he touches upon all that is best in us and upon nothing that is worst. He is tragic, sublime, reverent, serious, passionate, romantic, consoling, cheerful, gay and humorous; but he is never petty, or hectic, or abject, or sordid, or vile. His music, like his mind, is essentially clean. To man, as to Leonora, in the depths of despair, he darts a ray of light in the moving strains of "Komm Hoffnung"—not vain, delusive Expectation, but a sure and certain Hope; and to all the world of living things his message comes in the magic of "Freude! Freude!"—not mere gaiety, or pleasure, or empty mirth, but Joy begotten of the gods.

A great writer for the voice—a Mozart or Wagner—Beethoven is not, even though the memory turns with gratitude to a few beautiful songs, and at least one that is great. Nevertheless it is in two vocal works that we find his most sublime achievement. The Choral Symphony and the Mass in D are among the world's greatest possessions. In the region of art, where the loftiest and deepest aspirations of man find their embodiment, where man, though man, is made conscious of his divine soul and spiritual supremacy, these works of Beethoven stand almost alone—almost: for, a century before, Bach too had touched that height, and, earlier still, another, in a different medium. To the greatest of Beethoven's work there is one expression of the spirit of man strangely comparable—strangely, because to sound we find a parallel in silence; and we find it in that bare and almost overwhelming sanctuary of San Lorenzo, where the enigmatic and elemental figures of Michelangelo body forth the destiny of man from the Dawn of his beginning to the Night of his end. Since Beethoven, many new things have been accomplished and the limits of musical art extended; but the height he touched has never again been reached. Beethoven, tender, mysterious and mighty figure, stands erect and pre-eminent, not merely a musician, but Music.

SONG STUDIES IN SIMPLICITY.*

The difficulty of simplicity is that it appears so simple. Reading a song which really achieves simplicity, it seems the easiest thing by reproducing its methods to reproduce its delicate charm. The result is usually either pale emptiness or, what is worse, a self-conscious *naïveté* as distressing as the attempts of forty to imitate the simplicity of sixteen. On the other hand the song-writer with a simple subject to treat, distressed at its apparent baldness, may be tempted to achieve a meretricious importance by overloading his material. This last vice is only too well exemplified by Oskar Merikanto in two songs—"Evening" and "Merella." Judging by the translations, the lyrics, without being bad, are of no particular importance; and the settings do not assist them. The former has at least the advantage of brevity, but even in its two pages the repeated right hand chord becomes wearisome. "Merella" is much worse. Of its ten pages four are occupied by piano solo, which not only effectually breaks the song into halves, but sounds in itself like a bad adaptation of cinema orchestral music. Mischa-Leon's setting of Passerat's "J'ai perdu ma tourterelle" is better than these, in spite of a dully conventional piano part, in that it has pleasant words and a vocal line grateful to the tenor voice. It represents well enough the deliberately simple type of song.

To real simplicity in song-writing there is only one road—literary perception. The simpler the poem to be set, the more acute the penetration necessary to realise its true atmosphere. It is good to see the attention which is at last being paid to the exquisite art of Mr. de la Mare. Scores of his verses call in their fragile voices for setting, and doubtless will get it. The majority of the results will probably be either feeble or bad because they will attempt to paint the lily. In "The Stranger" Mr. D. M. Stewart has wisely avoided that folly. The song is interesting and of a certain charm. It does not attempt great things but it achieves its aim. Mr. Stewart himself would probably be the last to claim that his song exhausts the atmospheric possibilities of the poem. He recaptures little of that curious elfin quality so characteristic of this author's work—the mystery of the Stranger who held in one hand "the fruit that makes men wise," of the earth that became "wonderfully strange to see"; but he achieves a just richness of texture and a tranquil atmosphere. His other song, "The Morning Moon," is less interesting because it fits admirably the lyric by Elizabeth Bridges. Both are pleasant enough confections, but somehow the old romance of a Tennysonian

"Lily-lady
Dreaming serenely alone in cloud-garden shady"

seems nowadays somewhat pale. The chief interest of the verse is metrical and of the song its deft workmanship. The result is a song that will please baritones and tenors capable of delicate singing.

In "Petites Litanies de Jésus" Gabriel Groules achieves by an admirable economy of means the effect indicated by his initial direction: "naïf, tendre et fervent." He catches the spirit of the girl kneeling before her little image of painted wood with its robe sprinkled with stars and flowers. The words are delightful, the translation is adequate, the harmonic method interesting, and the voice part, sung by the right sort of soprano, should be a winsome thing.

A very different sort of simplicity is achieved by Mr. Gustav Holst in his "Seven Choruses from the Alcestis of Euripides," translated by Professor Gilbert Murray, set to music for voices in unison, with accompaniment for harp and three flutes. It is impossible in this short space to attempt to catch the flavour of so notable a work. The qualities that stand out upon a first reading of the choruses are those that make the composer's Hymns from the Rig Veda so impressive—their directness, the austere dignity that never falls to pomposity, the economy of means, the absence of the sort of mannerisms which are usually the downfall of composers attempting to reconstitute the atmosphere of a past age. The choruses march forward with a fine momentum, massive, broad, suitable to the work upon which they are based.

RODNEY BENNETT.

* "Evening"; "Merella." By Oskar Merikanto (Augener.)—"Villanelle." By Mischa-Leon. (Augener) —"The Stranger"; "The Morning Moon" (2 keys). By D. M, Stewart. (Augener.) —"Petites Litanies de Jésus." By Gabriel Grovlez. (Augener.)—"Seven Choruses from the Alcestis of Euripides." By Gustav Holst. (Augener).

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which raise them well above the rank and file—these are by no means as plentiful as blackberries. When, in addition, they are sympathetically written for the voice and considerately instrumentated for the average pianist, they constitute a real find.

So here is a small treasure-trove for the music-lover: not of dazzling and superlative value, but decidedly desirable to acquire. In "The Ringdoves," by Oskar Merikanto, we have a gentle, contemplative, wistful little song, very much akin to "the moan of doves in immemorial elms." What the original words were, is not stated; but Elisabeth M. Lockwood has supplied a very sweet and suitable "English version." A pretty figure in the accompaniment is also to be noted. This is a fascinating nocturne for a voice of no great compass. In "Give a Man a Horse He can Ride," S. J. Rowton has essayed a new setting of James Thomson's spirited words, and has treated them in a spirited fashion, with a bold, swinging melody, and excellent opportunities for the vocalist. I wish he had broken away a bit in the last verse, because "a horse he can ride" and "a pipe he can smoke" are not authentically in the same category as "a girl he can love." But this, perhaps, is hypercritical. With "Four Songs" by the same composer, words by Rupert Brooke, we find remarkable variety of subject and rendering. No. I, "Spring Song," is light, simple, graceful; it is reminiscent of Mendelssohn's "Maiglöckchen" and other classical "Frühlingslieder," but is none the worse for that. The finale is clever and touching. No. IV, "The Way that Lovers Use," is a dainty little ditty—words and music an admirable pair. But S. J. Rowton is not yet, as a musician, what Rupert Brooke was as a poet: and I feel that he is inclined to be too meticulous. It is because these songs are so good that one wants to warn the composer against over-elaboration. In setting the lovely opening lines of "Day that I have Loved," why must he spoil all the tender nuances by a startling accent and chromatic effect on "fold your THIN dead hands"? And again, in the last verse, "we who held you DEAR." The thing hurts: and yet, as a matter of fact, there is "no cause to make lament, or beat the brow" in this quietest of requiems. In "Night and the Woods and You," intrinsically the best song of the four, Mr. Rowton tries to convey the subtle gradations of atmospheric effects by means of disturbed tonality; and, knowing the secret identities of colour and pitch, I hesitate to say that this can't be done at all. Only, in this particular instance, he hasn't quite achieved it. But here is a composer strangely susceptible to colour, and to the beauty of words. He has charm, insight, quality, deep feeling: may his future be commensurate with his gifts!

MAY BYRON.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

SUNBEAMS AND MOONBEAMS. By Percy Elliott. (Leonard.)

Here are four contrasting "pictures," starting with a graceful and vivacious glimpse of "Dancing Sunbeams" and ending with "Moonset," a study in tranquillity. The third piece, "Flaming June," is a waltz of much charm and "goes with a swing."

HUNGARIAN SUITE. By Stepan Esipoff. (Reid Bros.)

To the casual music lover peasants and shepherds must seem to be very well looked after with regard to their dance music. They appear to be a never-failing source of inspiration to composers, and it would be interesting to know how many dances peasants and shepherds have had inscribed to them, and how many composers there are who do not plead guilty to at least one (published or unpublished) peasant or shepherd dance. In his Hungarian Suite Mr. Stepan Esipoff has dances for both. And churlish indeed would be the peasant or shepherd who was not grateful for these delightful additions to his stock of music.

QUAND IL PLUT. . . . By Leff Pouishnoff. (Enoch.)

A rather difficult but clever descriptive piece for the piano.

O WESTERN WIND. By May H. Brahe. (Enoch.)

There is a plaintive, haunting atmosphere about this song, which is by the composer of "I Passed by Your Window." The words of "O Western Wind" are adapted from a fifteenth century lyric by Helen Taylor, and the composer has set them with true appreciation and feeling.

FIRST ADVENTURES ON THE KEYBOARD. By Ernest Austin. (Larway.)

Mr. Ernest Austin, who has done much very distinguished work in music, has a recognised place also as a composer for the young, and in his two albums, "First Adventures on the Keyboard," he demonstrates how music lessons can be easy, interesting and jolly. The books should be an invaluable aid to music teachers, and any child who does not find them absorbingly interesting does not deserve to "learn the piano" at all.

The Drama.

BOOKS OF THE THEATRE.*

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

THOSE who remember the acting of Henry Irving may feel inclined to dispute Karl Mantzius' statement that with Kean's death passion in the grand style died from off the English stage; but on the whole his history of theatrical art is as remarkable for the soundness of its judgments as for the fullness of its information. Apparently Mr. Mantzius does not intend to carry his work any further than the limits set by this volume, which ends with the early romantics, not even including Macready in England. I hope he will be persuaded to give us another volume which will discuss the theatre of the nineteenth century; for the romantic movement which began with Kean and Talma did not end till the last years of last century, with Irving and Coquelin; and is not one of its greatest exemplars, Sarah Bernhardt, still with us? This volume is to the full as interesting as its predecessors; perhaps the most exciting section is that which deals with the Paris theatres during the Revolution. The translation is not

* "A History of Theatrical Art." By Karl Mantzius. Vol. VI. 28s. net. (Duckworth.)—"The World of the Theatre." By J. T. Grein. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)—"The Comedies of Harold Chapin." 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Six Short Plays." By J. Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)—"Angels and Ministers." By L. Housman. 7s. 6d. net. (Cape.)

XUM

always very happy: Mrs. Siddons's well-known respectability is not well conveyed by such a sentence as "on the erotic side she was unapproachable."

Mr. Grein's record of the plays produced in London during the past year will be useful to those who collect the annals of the London stage. Mr. Grein is not as serious as Mr. Archer nor as amusing as Mr. Walkley; but he has a good eye for acting, and a genuine liking for a good play. He is perhaps unduly severe on such experiments as the Everyman Theatre, whose opening may yet be recorded as marking an epoch in the much-needed and long delayed reform of the London theatre. It is, indeed, as my other three books show, only the theatre, not the drama, which now needs reforming. While in Vienna and Berlin, Schnitzler and Shaw and Wedekind are being played to crowded houses, we still have the dreary spectacle in London of theatres given over to prettiness, emotional poltroonery and debased music. All the while there are plays, light or serious, by dramatists living and deceased, which all of us would like to see. How long is it since Hankin was represented in a London theatre? Why should we not have a revival in nineteenth century social comedy and domestic drama, as displayed in the plays of Hankin, Barrie, Pinero, Jones, Davies, Carton and Chambers? The Everyman Shaw season proved how keen an audience there is for such a revival. Meantime a start might be made with the plays of more recent authors. Chapin's early death deprived us of a playwright who was, as Sir James Barrie says in his preface, "the born dramatist who did not know how it was done, but could do it." The four plays in this volume show a very varied talent. The best is certainly "The New Morality," one of those dramatic meditations in character which derive ultimately from Molière, through Wilde and Shaw. There is a minimum of action, but what there is is relevant and even piquant. It is true that Chapin relied a little too much in his play on the intelligence of his audience, thereby correcting his own tendency in "The Marriage of Columbine," when he stresses his points with a youthful eagerness, pleasant in spirit but dramatically laborious. In his assumption of cynicism he recalls Hankin, and his most ambitious play, "Art and Opportunity," is almost a rewriting, from a different angle, a *naissance-de-siècle* point of view, of Hankin's "The Cassilis Engagement." The gradual meeting of those two comrades in arms—Bentley, the pushing politician, and Pauline Cheverele, the pretty, candid, untruthful adventuress, is wittily and delicately managed. Chapin's dialogue is not quite equal to Hankin's or Mr. Milne's; it is a little too much of the theatre for our natural taste, but in moments of emotion it is more serviceable than the extremely plain style now affected by most dramatists.

To that plain style no author is so tied as Mr. Galsworthy. He only breaks away from it in his new volume—in one play, "Defeat," a tragic and moving little episode between an officer on leave in London and a German prostitute. It is by far the best piece in the volume, though "The First and the Last" might seem as good if I had not too sharp a recollection of the story in "Five Tales," from which Mr. Galsworthy has taken it. In the lighter pieces—"Hall-Marked" and "Push And Go"—Mr. Galsworthy fails; and it is not surprising that the author of "Justice" and the "Silver Box" should fail in farce. Mr. Galsworthy cannot frivol easily, and the subjects he has chosen here must be taken frivolously if at all. Remain "The Sun" and "The Little Man," which are striking as essays rather than plays; and it is a pity that the hero in "The Little Man" should have the futility without the fascination of St. Francis. Or is that perhaps the curse of our modern world—that the weak have no longer the spiritual strength they possessed in a time when Christianity was at any rate the touchstone of values, if not the standard of practice?

The rare and various talent of Mr. Housman finds fresh expression in these witty, graceful and interpretative little dramas of Victorian history. He writes of Queen Victoria, John Brown and Disraeli—of the dying Beaconsfield dreaming of primroses—and of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone on the eve of the statesman's final retirement. All the plays are good, fanciful with a mannered elegance which itself helps to produce the illusions of the age of the sofa and the bustle. The best is perhaps "The Comforter." "The Queen! God bless her!" runs it close. In "The Comforter" we are shown John Morley breaking the news to Mrs. Gladstone. They are discussing the situation made by the Premier's resignation:

MORLEY. . . . Ireland remains; and the problem will get worse.

MRS. G. But indeed you are wrong, Mr. Morley! It was not Ireland that kept my husband in politics: it was Mr. Chamberlain.

MORLEY. That is a view which, I confess, had not occurred to me. Chamberlain?

MRS. G. No one could have kept Mr. Chamberlain from leading the Liberal Party, except Mr. Gladstone. And now he never will!

MORLEY. That, certainly, is a triumph of a kind. You think that influenced him? Chamberlain was a friend of mine once—is still, in a way. (*He pauses, then adds ruefully*) Politics are a cruel game!

(*He sighs and sits depressed. But mention of her husband's great antagonist has made the old lady brisk again.*)

MRS. G. Do you know, Mr. Morley, that if Mr. Gladstone had not made me pray for that man every night of my life, I should positively have hated him?

MORLEY (*with a touch of mischief*). You do that?—still? Tell me—I am curious—do you pray for him as plain "Joe Chamberlain" or do you put in the "Mister"?

MRS. G. I never mention his name at all; I leave that to Providence—to be understood.

The naturalness of the dialogue, the careful avoidance of any artificial aid, the reliance on the intrinsic interest of the subject, make these plays remarkable in modern drama. I suppose, under our present regulations, there is small chance of getting any of them publicly acted, but I hope we shall have them presented by some of the private societies. Henry Ainley should make a most interesting Disraeli, and how fascinating Ellen Terry would be as Mrs. Gladstone!

R. F. R.

XUM

XUM

"IN THE RUSSIAN MANNER."*

BY E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.

THE despair of some dramatic critics, the day after "Heartbreak House" was produced, was both ludicrous and pathetic: ludicrous, because one might reasonably expect a dramatic critic to betray some acquaintance with modern drama; pathetic, because their bewilderment argued a complete national indifference to Mr. Shaw's sources, ideas and achievement which to a later age will seem not only a reproach but an enigma. A prophet is not without honour, and so forth—his play had already been produced in Vienna, Stockholm and New York; yet the many years which had elapsed since he first came before us, and the fact that this play and preface had been available in print since 1919, had surely earned him better consideration.

But first, a word of warning. It may be objected that the preface, like others by Mr. Shaw, has too little obvious connection with the play. Let anyone who has ever tried to write a play reflect upon that painful process, and he will find Mr. Shaw's method explained. Playwriting requires compression, selection, even narrowness; there are endless by-products of philosophy and imagination which "for lack of space," as the editors say, must needs be scrapped; that is why each Shavian preface contains many ideas arising out of the play, but not necessarily coincident or even harmonious with it. Yet in this instance at any rate Mr. Shaw gives us a clear lead, not only by using the sub-title which heads this article, but by the deliberate specification of Tolstoy and Tchekov as his models.

All three have shown us over Heartbreak House, and each characteristically. The implied reverence of Mr. Shaw for Tolstoy's method is a little misleading, because—well, frankly, his own method is so much more effective. Both preach one gospel: but the Russian's "Fruits of Culture" (though a light, frivolous affair compared with his more well-known "Powers of Darkness"!) is worked out in a depressing gloom which, by repelling so many readers, must in the end win far fewer proselytes than the Irishman's more sprightly treatment of the same theme; for the best gospel, preached unattractively, falls on deaf ears. Tolstoy uses the steam-hammer to crush his butterflies: Mr. Shaw breaks them on the wheel of laughter: Tchekov again, no less clearsighted as the same wheel flies round, weeps over the futility of his victims' beauty and the inevitability of its decay. That is the main difference of the three.

The recent production of Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya" has put all students of "the Russian manner" in the Stage Society's debt. If Mr. Macdermott can find room in his International Season for the same author's "Seagull" or "The Cherry Orchard," we shall be fortunate indeed. These three are all studies of Heartbreak House: they may be true to Russian life—though it is not easy for anyone lacking the advantage of a fortnight in Russia to be dogmatic about this; what is abundantly clear is their fidelity to the psychology of country-house existence, irrespective of nationality. Read Tchekov's trilogy, and you will see that no mere caprice has built Heartbreak House in the country; indeed, its events are hardly imaginable in town. It is a study of country-house life (not country life, a very different affair which the three dramatists have all treated elsewhere). In his preface Mr. Shaw analyses its two main types, the intellectual and the philistine, Heartbreak House and Horseback Hall; but from his play, as from these three of Tchekov, Horseback Hall is eliminated. True, both writers include characters not quite at home in Heartbreak House: there is Telegin in "Uncle Vanya"—poor Telegin with his guitar, his routine, his cheap reach-me-down sentiments, who is too unimaginative to catch the infection; there are Ellie Dunn and Trigorin, both Heartbreak Housers, but both exiled by the necessity to labour definitely in their respective vocations; there is Lady Utterword, who escapes Scylla in time, and by the mere accident of not marrying a country squire avoids falling into the Charybdis of Horseback Hall. It takes all sorts to make even the microcosm of Heartbreak House; "people don't have their virtues and vices in sets" explains Hesione: "they have them anyhow, all mixed." And Mr. Shaw, by greater variance of the type, achieves a wider view than Tchekov, though at the price of that discursiveness of which some critics complain. He also complicates things further by the introduction of flat incongruity in Mangan and the burglar—the latter frankly irrelevant in the best Shavian, not the Russian, manner. Tchekov used such contrast only once in a central character—in Lopakhin, a sort of peasant Mangan-Broadbent who buys up the cherry-orchard to build villas there. Mr. Shaw has too impish a humour to be obsessed exclusively by his main theme. This gain in contrast connotes better craftsmanship: but it makes "Heartbreak House" more baffling than any of Tchekov's plays.

Yet both he and Tchekov are concerned chiefly with Heartbreak House itself—these aimless, amiable folk ("colourless shadows," Helena in "Uncle Vanya" calls them) who live on imaginary fantastic emotions, not on the real struggles, hardships, aspirations of Captain Shotover's lamented youth. Their tragedy is their awareness of their own futility, the great future they all have behind them, the impossibility of their escape. Treplev relapses from success to suicide: Serebrakov's wife flies headlong from one hell to another: the

* "Heartbreak House." At the Court Theatre.—"Uncle Vanya." By the Stage Society.

XUM

Ranevskys are driven from their ancient home, and even before they are well out of it, the axe rings in the dear cherry-orchard they have been impotent to save. For they can neither act efficiently nor vegetate in content. Their affairs are managed by subordinates, the Marinas, Shamraevs and Guinnesses of their shadowy world. They are a waste product: that is all.

Tchekov weeps for them, satirist though he be; more subtly, he even suggests a certain social value in the frail beauty of their uselessness. Mr. Shaw has caught some faint echo of the Russian's pity—this is what makes "Heartbreak House" so strangely different from his other plays. But in the main he turns more to that ironic humour which, no doubt intentionally, is the salvation of "Heartbreak House" from the propagandist standpoint, and makes even his air-raid climax no more sensational than Treplev's suicide or the Ranevskys' downfall. He is the giant, in humour, of the triumvirate. Tolstoy's temperament was too grimly serious to admit much of it; and a certain childlike plaintiveness in Tchekov's attitude often makes his humour childish—or is this only the fault of the translations? The latter certainly leave much to be desired, and (as in Ibsen's case) are almost solely responsible for the exotic flavour of his plays. The mere retranslation of versts, vodka and roubles into terms of miles, whisky and £ s. d. would go far to remove the Russians' handicap of unfamiliarity. Even so I fancy that, of the three methods of exposition, Mr Shaw's would still retain the advantage.

"IF."*

It is well to have this printed version of the play which ran for an unexpectable number of weeks at the Ambassadors' Theatre. Unexpectable because, as was proved by chance-heard opinions of the stalls and the pit, with its wit and suggestion, its irony and paradox, "If" is not a play for every normal playgoer. As a lady of the stalls said, "I prefer to carry something away with me"; and a lady of the pit, "But it hadn't a plot!" In the face of such evidence—however unjustified, for these witnesses were not quite just—unexpectable must be the word.

"If" was enjoyable while it lasted, especially in the first two acts; and enjoyable it has proved to read. Indeed, in spite of clever acting, I feel that it reads better than it acted; for when it was heard and seen by the playgoer's ears, eyes, heart and mind, the Third Act appeared thin and unable to rise to those heights of tragic irony, of humanity, which the theme—even the fantastic theme—required. One felt let down; a condition not so apparent away from the circumstance of the stage, with the scene set in the largeness or the limits of one's own imagination. In the theatre, Daoud's wisdom, so admirably spoken, seemed too leisurely and long-drawn, the action waited upon talk; and the battle between John Beal's determination and the wilfulness of those who were destined to deprive him, the Bromley cockney, of the panoply and glory of Eastern rule and circumstance, might have been more vigorously sustained; for John already had his readiness, resource, courage and the practised authority of seven convincing years. He followed the fatal oars with an undue precipitancy.

Yet how good the play is, and how grateful we ought to be for everything Dunsany gives us! He, more rapidly than any contemporary, wafts the reader up from everyday commonplace to the infinite ironic; having the key to those magic casements of which Keats sang. And the crown of the wonder is that these impossibilities are all so easily possible. Catching the eight-fifteen, which ten years earlier he had missed, John Beal, the smug, contented, twentieth-century citizen, his views, his life, satisfactorily wedded to humdrum circumstances—the red sofa, Aunt Martha's portrait, the morning round, the day's dull profit of business, the evening rest in the company of his suitable wife—becomes an adventurer, as true a buccaneer as Drake, the slayer of a brigand, the viceroy of a country, with the possibility of kingship glimmering beyond. It hardly needed the touch of Ali's crystal to bring the change and realise the splendid paradox; for, as Mr. Kipling has shown, transformations as wonderful have happened in India under the ordinary administrations of service, when a beardless subaltern—or a subaltern with his tuft—has administered a province and been saluted by princes. Let us hope that "If," with its excellent, unexpectable success, will prove encouraging to other managers, so that more from the same fount of imagination may be offered to the entertainment of the public.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "If." A Play in Four Acts. By Lord Dunsany. 3s. 6d. (Putnams.)

THE RACE WITH THE SHADOW. At the Everyman.

The directors of the Everyman Theatre could hardly be congratulated on the second production of their International season. "The Race with the Shadow," translated from the German of Wilhelm von Scholz by Graham and Tristan Rawson, is a pretentious and unconvincing play steeped in Ibsenic gloom, humourless from start to finish, and marred by dialogue which, instead of revealing character and motive, only renders them the more obscure. The hero of this new version of the eternal triangle is a novelist who, by some obscure process of divination or telepathy, writes a book which his wife and her old lover at once recognise as embodying the story of their own past. The lover, who strongly objects to this parallelism between his own life and that of the novel, at first attempts to obtain from the author the secret of how the story ends. Failing to secure this and taking advantage of the absence of his rival, who has retired into the country to complete his book, he resumes his old relations with the wife under threat of shooting himself and her. But the novelist finishes the story with the betrayal of the husband by the wife and with the subsequent suicide of her seducer; so that when he returns home with this unpleasant *dénouement* ready-made for the double story, a *dénouement* accepted by his repentant wife, he finds little difficulty in persuading the lover to blow out his brains. It was scarcely the fault of the players that they failed to bolster up so absurd and revolting a drama. Mr. Franklin Dyall was so natural and sincere that he almost made a human being out of the callous husband. And by sheer weight of personality Mr. Felix Aylmer succeeded in saving the suicidal lover from being laughed at. But Miss Ruth Bower as the wife was quite at sea. In reproducing the tones of Mrs. Patrick Campbell she was not very happily inspired; while all through the evening she never once seemed to give her facial muscles rest. "The Race with the Shadow" was brought out on Monday, October 31st. A fortnight later—on Monday, November 14th—four plays from the pen of Lord Dunsany were staged at the Everyman Theatre, too late for notice here.

W. A. L. B.

Miss Clemence Dane's brilliant play, "Will Shakespeare," which was produced at the Shaftesbury on the 17th November, has been published in book form by Messrs. Heinemann, and a special article by George Sampson on the play, as written and as acted, will appear in the January BOOKMAN, which will include articles on "The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas," by T. Michael Pope; "English Authors and American Reviewers," by Mary Austin; "Elie Metchnikoff," by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie; "Caroline Poets," by John Freeman; "A Great Musician," etc.

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